

"Memories That Live"

By

Sturgeon-Powell

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Memories That Live

Memories That Live

BY
S. MORGAN-POWELL



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FOR MY WIFE

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

Many prefaces take the form of an apology or an appeal. In my belief both are objectionable. If an author feels it necessary to apologize for what he has written, he has clearly made a mistake in writing. If he feels it necessary to plead for public support, either personally or by the way of commendation supplied by some other author, he lacks confidence in the merit of his own work.

All I desire to say here is that in the writing of these memories I have striven to avoid overloading the pages with trivial detail, and have managed to adhere to my own idea of what a memory means. I could never quite grasp the necessity of giving precise chapter and verse, hour and minute, with other immaterial data, when all that is needed is the outstanding impression that remains graven like an image upon the mind.

These vignettes and sketches are chosen haphazard. They represent some of the moments that stand out vividly in retrospect of a life of considerable variety and novel experience. The impressions of outstanding personalities of the theatre stand as my considered judgment. Some, in substance, have already appeared in print, but have been entirely rewritten. All the rest are new.

S. MORGAN-POWELL.

Montreal, September, 1929.

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Vignettes of the Tropics

INTO THE DEPTHS

Exit from Africa

THE PRINTING OFFICE was behind the general store. The store was built of wood, painted a dirty white outside, and inside was just plain timber, without any paint. The floor was uneven, but varnished. A few dirty native mats lay about anyhow. Several cane chairs were disposed at awkward angles. There were nets at the windows, and the door was kept open day and night, except when it rained,—and when it rained, not even a steel door fitted like a safe would have kept the rain out.

The paper was supposed to come out twice a month, but the truth is that we got it out when we felt like getting it out,—the two native pressmen, the Portuguese compositor, the editor and myself agreeing. If the pressmen were away on a drunken spree, then the paper had to wait. If the Portuguese, Manoel, called Manny for short, went on the spree, the paper obviously had to wait; and if the editor were absent on business, then the paper waited just the same. There were in all about thirty white men, mostly Portuguese, in that god-forsaken port of call, at which ships rarely called,—or, more correctly speaking, off which ships rarely lay rolling in the long

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Atlantic swell, lifting to the vast combers that had rolled all the way from Rio to the West African coast.

At the store we sold gin, cotton goods of the cheapest type, tools, tinned goods, paper-backed nov-elettes, tobacco, curtain rods, coloured beads, cheap brassware from Birmingham, cheaper lithographs, boots, underwear, tepees, pins, needles, hold-alls, carry-alls, tarred paper, tarpaulins, tinware, hammocks, and rat poison, as well as a thousand and one other heterogeneous articles both useful and useless. The editor was the proprietor when the agent was away, and the agent was drunk three-quarters of the time. I was the assistant storekeeper, the assistant editor, the assistant to the agent when there was anything to be done about shipments, and my own boss most of the time. Manny played a wicked game of poker, which he said he had learned in Port Said. I believed him then, and I believe him now. That game was so wicked that it could only have been conceived in Port Said.

We depended upon Government advertising for our income from the paper, and upon the sparse population for the income from the shop. Both were haphazard, and neither to be steadily relied upon. In consequence, life was of the uncertain variety. We fed as well as anybody could feed on the West Coast of Africa in those days,—this was before they had built roads, dredged harbours, made ports, established

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native police, and taught the natives along the coast-line to behave.

The jungle came down close to the shore, and intruded almost upon our verandah. A walk of a quarter of a mile took one into the jungle proper. Sometimes it was cool there, but seldom pleasant. In the rainy season it was hellish. We played cards, read the same old books, magazines, and month-old papers, quarrelled, drank gin, made friends again, slept, and did as little manual labour as we possibly could. It was neither an inspiring nor a cultured life. Yet it had its fascination, and when an occasional tramp would lay off, send a boat ashore, land supplies, and bring gossip and more gin, we used to make it a gala occasion, wear clean drill suits, and shave. A native half-breed, as graceful as a gazelle and as unmoral as a jack-rabbit, cooked for us, sloshed the dishes in luke-warm water, and swept the store and the rooms out when she was driven to do so. The editor was a Dutchman from Java, and the agent was a Belgian from the Walloon district. They both talked fair English, and they both abandoned the idea of ever teaching me to talk Dutch. I learned a wide variety of foreign oaths, and the lingo of the coast littoral was used by us all when it was required.

Now and then the commandant of the nearest military police station paid us an official visit. That is to say, he was very official when he arrived, having

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been borne by bearers in a hammock swung between two long poles. He was less official after he had invited our reports as to any trouble—there never was any of which we told him, for that would have meant investigation, and we preferred to handle our troubles, native and otherwise, in our own way. He was unofficial after dinner, and he positively beamed upon us when we sat on the verandah through the long evening, perspiring, drinking, smoking, cursing, and occasionally exchanging banter, the while we slaughtered mosquitoes and occasionally swept a mass of moths from the smoky swinging lamps that lent us fugitive light.

The first news of the cholera was brought by a native runner from an inland village, who came seeking medicine and aid. We gave him what medicines we had, sent the compositor to the police station for instructions, and kept a lookout for tramps out at sea. The next day we found the entire white population had vanished during the night, and we also discovered that they had taken our sloop with them! Indeed, its sail was just vanishing around a far bend of the shore line when we found out our loss. There we were, compelled, whether we wanted to do so or not, to await the passing of some ship, or else the arrival of the coastal steamer.

The drought had lasted four months; the air was dank and heavy with noisome odours from the rank and rotting vegetation; the sky was copper. We

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drank de Kuyper and boiled water, and smoked all day long and half the night. It was useless to change our pyjamas, for they were soaking wet with perspiration in ten minutes' time. It was an effort to breathe, an exertion to move, and hard work to walk a hundred yards. We had tonic water, but we husbanded this, not knowing when we should need it more than we did then.

The commandant came with the station doctor and commandeered nearly all our stock of quinine and simple remedies, and half our supplies. We offered to help, but he cast a withering look that comprehended us both, and told us we had better stay where we were. "Or," he added, speaking slowly and with a deadly emphasis I found peculiarly insulting, "if you can get off to a freighter, you had better go. This is not going to be a good place to live in,—very soon."

"We have far too many to care for, as it is," he said, pompously, when we suggested moving to the headquarters station, where a special refuge camp was being established. And he vanished with his bearers and his small but most important staff.

The jungle swallowed them up. I looked at Van Borg. He was a little man, but amazingly stout, and his vast stomach protruded in front of him like a beer barrel. He stretched out his hand, poured half a pint of de Kuyper into a huge pitcher, and drank

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it at a draught. Half-choked, he coughed and coughed until I thought he was going to strangle. Then he pushed the stone jug across to me. I drank also. We smoked in silence, and at last he heaved his vast bulk up from his chair. "I am going home if I can get there," he said. "And you?" "Me too," I replied. It was too hot to argue. We packed in silence, broken only by an occasional curse when something we wanted refused to be found. It did not take us long. We knew we stood no chance of carrying much luggage, even supposing a stray tramp came along before the coastal steamer, which was due in three weeks' time. We hauled our flag, upside-down, to the top of our stumpy flagpole. Then we sat on the verandah and waited.

There was nothing else to do. The heat grew insufferable as the sun went down, and the night seemed hotter than the day. We dozed in our chairs, finally ignoring even the mosquitoes and the flies that hummed and buzzed about us incessantly. Sleep was out of the question. The gin gave one a queer sort of fatalistic endurance. Dawn came,—a dim, coppery-coloured dawn that brought with it no vestige of relief. Van Borg called for Lily—he called the half-breed Lily because, he said, if she had been white she would have made a perfect lily. But Lily was nowhere to be found. She and the natives had vamoosed during the night, and we were alone.

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"Gott verdommer!" muttered Van Borg, as he set about making coffee,—a turgid mess, black and strong, and diluted with tinned milk,—and fried some tinned pork.

The meal stuck in my throat. I could not eat. I drank the coffee, and then Van Borg and I went down to the dilapidated jetty that stood a mute reminder of bygone days when some energetic trader had planned a flourishing station there. We scanned the sea, but there was nothing to be seen. Twenty times during the morning we took turns at sweeping the horizon with an old telescope. We drank more gin, and cursed Africa.

Towards afternoon, a thin streak of smoke appeared to the south, and at sunset, a long, black, bull-nosed freighter was rolling idly in the swell half a dozen miles from shore. We fired revolver shots for a signal, and sat down to await results. Soon a boat put off, and after what seemed hours of waiting it reached shore. The mate at the helm did not know those waters, and he was caught in a comber and rolled with his crew into the surf. He rose spluttering and swearing with a myriad strange oaths I had never heard.

"Well, what the . . . hell's wrong?" he demanded. "What's the matter? Hurry up. Spit it out. The Old Man's in a hell of a temper, and he won't wait long. Neither will I." He spat, lurched up the

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beach, and plumped himself down in a verandah chair.

Our tale was brief and to the point. Cholera was sweeping the coast, and we had been told to get out. Could they take us aboard? The mate, burly, stumpy, red-cheeked, bull-necked, and brutal, laughed loudly and drank a mug of gin.

"Can't be done," he declared. "We've been in trouble ever since we left Batavia. On half-rations now. Our water's short, and the weevils are in everything."

"But good God, man," I remonstrated, "you must. It's . . . it's inhuman!"

"Mebbee . . . but there's no loot here, ye see."

He laughed again. That laughter maddened me. "Loot? The government . . . " I began.

"God damn all governments," he roared. "If it hadn't been for the government we could have taken on stores at Batavia. But we had to . . . " He checked himself. "That's none of your blasted business, any way," he continued.

Van Borg, who had been silent, spoke at last, heavily, shortly.

"Unless you take us off, I will see that you pay,—and you will not like the price," he said.

The mate gazed at him as though hypnotized by his impudence.

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"Hear me," continued Van Borg. "You take us off,—yes? You set us down at your first port of call. We pay you. We say nothing. But if you leave us,—Gott verdommer! I will ruin you all,—I, Van Borg. I have influence at home."

He smashed his huge fist down on the table, and the gin jug rolled over. The mate rescued it in time, took another swig, wiped his mouth with his hand, cut off a bit of plug, began to chew, and finally spoke in turn.

"I'll take you off, but wait until the Old Man sees you! He thought there might be loot to be got here, ye see. Now . . . Just you wait, you . . . " Unutterable things he called us.

We did not care. We shouldered our battered bags, took a last look round at the dingy, dirty hovel that yet had been home for more months than either of us cared to look back upon, and followed him to the boat.

That freighter was the filthiest ship I have ever seen—and I have sailed in a coolie ship around the Horn, and "tramped" from Delagoa Bay to Algiers. It was an iron freighter of four thousand tons, bull-nosed, as I have said, riding low in the water, with a bit of a list to starboard. Rust was everywhere, dirt everywhere, and everywhere evidence of slack seamanship. But I had little time to look around. The Old Man bore down upon us.

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"You . . . you . . ." he literally stuttered for words in which to convey his idea of what we were. "Cholera, and running away, and want a passage on my ship? By God, you shall pay for it, and my way! I would turn you adrift, but we may need the boat. You have come aboard. I didn't invite you, by God! But I need stokers. Lay aft, blast you, lay aft and stoke your way home." And with curses and whirling arms he literally drove us back.

Van Borg took one look at him, and for a moment I thought the Dutchman was going to resist. But he thought better of it. Only I heard him muttering through his dirty beard words that augured ill for the Old Man.

The mate led the way. "You bunk with them black-birds," he said, grinning, and told the engineer we were two new hands—"gentlemen come aboard for a lark, to trim coal, for fun. Let 'em have it, Dick," he chortled

Dick, the engineer, looked at us with profound disfavour. "Half my men dead or sick, and they send me you," he growled. "Step lively, you lubbers." He called to an oiler and bade him give us dungaree trousers and shoes, such as they were.

In ten minutes we were both standing in the bowels of that cursed tramp, each with a steel-shafted shovel in our hands, trying to level the coal in the

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bunkers. It was bad coal, dirty, dusty, and it stank. But the coal was not the worst thing.

The heat was simply indescribable. I have stood at Stanley Falls at midnight and let my pyjama jacket fall off with a plop that re-echoed around me, while the perspiration ran in streams down my whole body. But never in my life have I known such terrible, unbelievable heat as saturated the bunkers of that tramp. I felt as though I should suffocate at each breath. The coal dust rose in clouds around me; got into my eyes and half blinded me; got into my ears, until I could hardly hear; got into my nose, my mouth, my throat, until it seemed as though I must die of suffocation.

In five minutes I was blacker than any Congo negro, a stumbling, filthy, sweat-soaked figure, unrecognizable as a white man, and wishing every minute that I were dead and out of it all. The shovel seemed to weigh a ton. Every time I lifted it the effort strained my strength to the utmost. In ten minutes my throat was so parched that when I tried to cry out, I could not utter a sound.

I stumbled off the heap upon which I was standing, and the next thing I remember was a huge coal-black figure shaking me as though I were an empty sack. "Damn you, trim!" came a snarling voice, and a well-aimed kick that felt as though it had ten horse-power behind it landed me on my back in my

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bunker once more. I shut my eyes, for the pain was intolerable, bit my lips until the blood came—and trimmed. I trimmed, literally, for dear life. For how long I know not. But at last we were relieved, and allowed to go on deck for air.

I staggered to the rail, and for some time hung on, just gulping down draughts of that air, which, superheated and stifling as it was, yet seemed to me to be pure ambrosia. I was feeling more than sorry for myself when I caught sight of Van Borg, for the first time since we had been driven into the hell-bottom of the tramp.

He was a pitiful spectacle. He had slumped down on the iron deck, which was so hot that it almost blistered the feet, and he lay in a heap, a great mass of black flesh, his head buried in his arms, and his vast, mis-shapen body shaken with sobs. The mate came along, kicked his prostrate body, and ordered some of the other stokers to sluice him. They let down two buckets over the side and flung bucket after bucket of sea water upon him.

It sounds brutal, but it was the best thing that could have happened. It revived him, and it brought him back to something like the semblance of a human being. He staggered to his feet and I helped him to the rail. There he leaned for some time. At last he turned to me and said, with great oaths that seemed to come from his lips like explosions: "If ever I get

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out of this alive, that . . . mate is mincemeat! He is meat pie! He is pork! He is . . . ” and his voice trailed out into a string of curses once more.

Well, we did get out of it alive, or I should not be able to tell the story. We struck bad weather off Teneriffe, and Van Borg was flung down and broke his wrist. But they just bandaged it and bade him go on trimming. An Arab stoker broke his shovel and demanded mine, striving to wrench it from me when I refused. I hit him flat on the head with the shovel end, and he went down like a log. The engineer saw me, but instead of rebuking me, he grinned—the first friendly grin I had seen. “Let the . . . lie!” said he, and spat upon him.

After that they let us both alone. We sweated and toiled and groaned through those awful days and nights, until at last cooler air told us we were out of tropical waters and nearer home. Home . . . the word never seemed so dear. But I was not fated to reach home before tragedy stalked aboard and took its toll. Van Borg and I were taking our allotted period of rest, hanging by the rails, and watching the churning of the waters where the Scheldt's clear stream merges into the turbulent North Sea, when the Old Man, who was prowling about above us, caught sight of us. At the same time Van Borg saw the Old Man. We waited, as he came towards us with lurching gait, his face crimson with

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gin and his breath foul with its reek. "Well, ye see, I promised you . . . you should trim coal for a passage home, and I've kept my word. How d'ye like it, you . . . lubbers?" And he spat right into Van Borg's face.

The Dutchman ducked, wiped his eyes, and leaped. I never saw a fat man move so quickly. He took the Old Man unawares, and before I or anybody could move, he had lifted him bodily to the rails and hurled him into the sea. Then, as we leaped towards him, he fought us off. "Gott verdommer! . . . I have paid, I have paid . . . *my price!*" he shouted, and was over the rail, and out of sight.

The mate shouted. The engines stopped. They lowered a boat, but never a glimpse of the Old Man or of Van Borg was seen.

I spent the first two weeks ashore in a seaman's hospital, found the Old Man was badly wanted by the Dutch authorities for smuggling in Eastern waters, decided to save myself the waste of breath in making complaints that could lead to nothing, and took passage home in a mail boat. But there are nights even now, many years after, when I dream of that horror of hell in the stoke-hold of a filthy tramp, and wake up shivering with a heat that only imagination could create. I would not trim coal, even for ten minutes, again for all the wealth of the Orient. And I often think that oil fuel must be one of the greatest boons humanity has ever known.

CASTRO THE CATTLE-MAN

A Modern Ishmael

TRAVELLERS on transoceanic boats going from American ports to French and Mediterranean ports between the years 1909 and 1912 often found among their fellow-passengers a little, stout, black-visaged man, with an expression of perpetual suffering on his black-bearded face, and with a sad, far-away look in his eyes. He would walk the deck alone,—always alone. He seldom spoke to anybody. He gave no trouble. He travelled in comparative luxury, and he never landed anywhere—to stay. Sometimes police officials would be on hand to prevent him from landing. At other times, if he had landed, he would be escorted back to the ship by police officials.

He was a modern Ishmael, with this difference,—that although everybody's hand was set against him, his seemed set against nobody. And if you asked who he was, the answer would be, almost always accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders:—"Oh, that's Castro—you know, the man who used to be president of Venezuela." From country to country he went, always seeking a place where he might rest, and never finding one, until at last, after years of forced

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wandering, he died, lonely and forsaken, a victim to cancer, in a foreign hospital, and there was none save a kindly nurse to smooth his limbs contorted in the agony of death and make the sign of the cross above his brow.

The stormy petrel of South American politics they called him—this little, undersized man. I recall him well in the heyday of his power, generally with scowling features, thick, bushy hair, nervous hands, and keen, biting, penetrating eyes. At Washington in public they affected to despise him and in private cursed him as “a tough proposition”. In New York they made fun of him in the newspapers. In Paris, they were frankly puzzled, and not unnaturally more than a little indignant. Germany thought he was simply a braggart—until that little Panther episode of twenty years ago. The Hague talked about breaking the stubborn will of this “piratical tyrant”. Other Powers chimed in, and said, “Yes; let’s do it.”

But none of them succeeded.

It is the fashion, on this continent at least, to sneer at the South American republics, with their apparently interminable revolutions, their intrigues, their breaches of international laws, their endless stirring up of difficult international situations.

“Oh, it’s only another revolution,” they say, when some belated wire—as often as not concocted and despatched by the agent of some commercial

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company with a concession it wants to secure free of all cost—comes to say that there is another plot on foot to overturn the Government of this or that republic—"only another revolution."

And of all the countries so despised, sneered at, joked about, and lied about, Venezuela has been one of the most prominent. And of all the presidents written about, bedevilled, scorned, flayed with ridicule and misrepresented, Cipriano Castro is perhaps the most notable.

For years this man suffered from an exceedingly painful internal disease,—suffered in silence and worked on in spite of his suffering with a quiet heroism that would have compelled admiration for him had he not been a Venezuelan half-breed. Yet, single-handed, he opposed the Powers, great and small. He held to his own will, and none dared say him nay in his own land while he ruled. When he was told at last that he could not live unless an operation was performed, and that it could not be done in his native land because of climatic conditions being against his survival, he promptly decided to go to France, and resolved to combine business with personal affairs and negotiate, while he was there, with the Powers he had flaunted for years.

The French were the first to recognize what very few Americans ever recognized—that this little half-breed from the Venezuelan mountains was a power

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to be reckoned with, not to be ignored. If the authorities at Washington had recognized that fact several years before, the Bermudez Asphalt Company would very likely never have come to grief, and American trade interests in Venezuela might be ten times as big, and ten times as thoroughly safeguarded, as they are to-day. But Washington said:—"He's only bluffing. Let's frighten him." And when the frightening trick did not work, they cursed him,—in private—and uttered threats, in public. And did nothing, in fact.

They called him a bluffer. He was, in reality, a diplomat, and a diplomat of the very first order. Could any man, not a diplomat, without the means to back up his position with force, have defied seven World-Powers successfully, made them come to his terms, shamed them into acquiescence with his views, and actually persuaded them to submit claims they at first declared could only be satisfied at the cost of his annihilation, to an independent Arbitration Tribunal which in its award gave him incomparably the best of the bargain? Yet Castro did this unaided.

The Powers blockaded his coast; they steamed up his rivers; they sent warning messages to his capital; they landed armed men on Venezuelan soil. And he survived it all, and defied them, too. And won out.

When the Bermudez Asphalt Company, a syndi-

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cate of wealthy New York capitalists, secured a concession to work the famous asphalt lake of Bermudez, they must have thought they had secured a bonanza. When Castro wanted them to increase their contribution to the Venezuelan treasury, they grew angry, and determined to avoid payment at all costs. But how to do it? Happy thought! Get up a revolution, finance a neighbouring republic to overthrow Castro, and the trick was done.

The revolution was organized, financed, and—smashed by Castro. And when the Venezuelan government instituted proceedings in the courts, and had the concession of the Bermudez Company annulled, the syndicate was astounded. "We will invoke the authorities at Washington," said they. "Uncle Sam will soon settle this upstart."

But the American law courts are not to be bought so easily as revolutionists. And when they confirmed the judgment of the Venezuelan courts, and the American investigation proved the truth of Castro's allegations, the Bermudez Asphalt Company found itself bankrupt.

How did Castro find out the complicity of the company in the revolution? The answer is simple. The man had established one of the most elaborate secret services in the world. He had his agents everywhere, in the United States, in every European coun-

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try, throughout the South American republics. And he knew a good deal.

Castro was unique. There was more Indian than Spanish blood in his veins. The swarthy, unlettered, beetle-browed shepherd lad of the Venezuelan mountain fastnesses must have had dreams, when watching his herd of cattle, of the future that was to see him in the place of Bolivar, the deliverer of his native land.

His rise to power was swift, startling, unscrupulous, as that of many another man in the South American republics. But, unlike many others, once having climbed the ladder, he took care to stay on the top. People used to tell horrifying stories of his cruelty, his brutality, his savagery, his crimes. A good deal of it was exaggeration; and a good deal of it was true. But there is this much to be said in his defence. He had to fight people with their own weapons. I have seen him fire his revolver point-blank at a man who tried to present him with a petition. But that petition had a tarantula wrapped up inside its roll! I have known him order the execution of a dozen plotters against him, without the slightest formality of a trial. But if he had not executed rebels, they would soon have executed him. Prison is a safe place for troublesome agitators, and a fortress cell lets no secrets leak out. Besides, he always took the chances of war. He was a sports-

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man. He led his soldiers to fight a score of times, and he led them from the front, too. He did not direct them from some safe spot a few miles away. The man was a fighter by nature. His blood was of the fighting strain. He had to fight all his life.

A braggart? Yes,—and no. He scorned diplomatic representations, ignored messages, made light of naval demonstrations on his coast, and laughed at threats of armed compulsion. Yet he always made good—until a revolution organized in his absence flung him from power. He always knew when to appear to back down. And never once did he concede one-tenth of what he promised he would yield. Not many of the world's greatest living statesmen can say as much. And Castro was a statesman. It is well to remember that. They might call him an upstart, a nigger, a bluffer, anything they liked; but the man's record was against them.

If he had been let alone by outsiders, he would have achieved great things. But nearly all the disturbances in Venezuela after his rise to power were fomented, engineered, and funded by foreigners seeking trade concessions.

He was the butt of nearly every newspaper in the civilized world that takes any interest in international politics. They sneered at his repeated declarations that he wished to advance his country. They poked fun at his assertions that his life was devoted to the

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interests of his native land. Yet facts proved that they were wrong, and that Castro was right. This man was sincere; he was a patriot; he was also a man with ideas and ideals, and the knowledge of how to attain the latter and put the former into practice. He did many rash things, many apparently meaningless things, many irritating things. But he also did many things that brought much good to Venezuela, benefited the people in many ways, and helped to advance the country.

Self-taught himself, he early recognized the value of education. Was it the act of an incompetent braggart to send his Minister of Education to Europe to study European educational methods, and, on his return, to give him unlimited powers to frame a scheme of education for the country?

Was it the act of an incompetent braggart and a fool to invest thousands of dollars in the latest Creuzot, Armstrong, and Krupp guns? To establish modern forts? To conserve the country's industries in the hands of Venezuelans, in preference to allowing them to be exploited by unscrupulous foreigners?

Was it the act of a fool to establish government scholarships for sending bright young Venezuelans to the best European universities, where they might learn the latest those universities could teach them in the arts and the sciences, in medicine, in law, in political economy?

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Was it the act of an incompetent to despatch a commission of doctors to Europe to study European hospitals and, on their return, give them carte blanche for the establishment of a government medical system in his native land?

Finally, was it the act of a fool to establish a government-subsidized Opera House and government art classes; to encourage the pursuit of the fine arts by offering prizes worth competing for in literature, in painting, in sculpture, in science?

Go to Caracas to-day for your answer. There are more masterpieces of statuary in that city than in the whole of Canada; finer buildings than any city save one in this Dominion can show, from an art standpoint; and a population which, though it includes a proportion of scum, as every South American capital must do, yet includes also an aristocracy as highly polished, as accomplished, as courteous, as charming and as intellectual as any you will find elsewhere in the western hemisphere.

Teresa Carreno, one of the world's greatest pianists, is a native of Venezuela, and received her early musical education in Caracas at the hands of her father.

Venezuelans have accomplished things. Dr. Blanco, Castro's first Minister of Education, was the author of several standard works on botany; his son, who met an untimely death in British Guiana, was

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considered to be one of the cleverest astronomers the Sorbonne ever turned out. Dr. Aguererverre, one of Venezuela's leading scientists, was a geographer who has contributed largely to the world's knowledge of the South American interior. Venezuela's medical men have left behind them notable records in the Paris hospitals; Venezuelan women have accomplished much in the world of art.

And there is this much to be said, too, for the people. Under Castro's rule, they awakened from their lethargy. He stirred them up to a sense of the destiny of the Latin races. He showed them ideals and standards to which they might attain. And he did something to make the work of attainment easier for those who wished to essay the climb. It is foolishness to set a man of this calibre down as a fool and a braggart.

He had his faults—grave ones, in the eyes of the too narrow viewpoint of northern races. He made many mistakes, committed many offenses, did many things that were undoubtedly wrong, some that were cruel. But he kept his face turned steadily towards his goal. He never let his hand leave the plough.

Is there nothing to be said for the man who could keep such a firm grip of the helm of the ship of state through the abnormally troublous times Venezuela knew from 1900 to 1909? A weak man could not

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have done it. A fool could not have done it. A bluffer could not have done it. Castro did it.

Quick to see a point, alert, a voracious reader, a student of human nature, a magnificent judge of men, a skilful debater, a man who always knew his own mind and rarely let anybody else know it, Castro had points, and great points, too.

He had a wonderful memory. It was his salvation not once, but a score of times. He never forgot a face, an enemy or a friend. He was keenly attentive to apparently trivial details. When the government of British Guiana gave a State funeral to a young Venezuelan engaged on the boundary delimitation work, who committed suicide during temporary insanity brought on by bush fever, Castro sent autographed letters of thanks to the papers which published obituary notices.

He contributed a large sum to the relief of the refugees in the Martinique disaster. He lent government medical officers to some of the West Indian islands during the widespread epidemic of smallpox that swept the islands in 1905.

His reception of foreigners at Caracas was studiously courteous. He entertained on a lavish scale, and was a charming host. His wife was a fascinating Spanish lady of good birth, immensely popular with the English populace of Port-of-Spain, the capital of

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Trinidad, which she frequently visited, and where she spent a large amount of money.

His palace was a treasure house of art, magnificently furnished in unimpeachable taste. Of course he did not choose these things himself. But he had the knack of discovering those who would buy for him and give him value for his money. In company with Senor Blanco, son of his Minister of Education, I was admiring a lovely set of Venetian glass in his palace one day. "You like it?" he queried. I remarked that it was both beautiful and very valuable. "Por Dios! It had better be!" he replied. "I paid enough for it; but aguardiente tastes just as good from a bottle when you are thirsty and the night is cold."

His library would have astounded the learned professors of our Canadian universities, and his almost superhuman energy would have made them marvel still more. He could work for thirty-six hours at a stretch, and still be keen and active at the end. He could get through more State business in an hour than the average business man gets through ordinary business in a morning. He was a very quick worker, and he chose quick, alert, keen-minded men as his assistants.

There was something very imp-like about him, at times. It almost seemed as if he were playing with fire for the fun of the thing. When Holland block-

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aded his coast, he invoked the Monroe doctrine. When the great Powers dismissed his ministers, he made a magnificent ceremony of handing their papers to those Great Powers' representatives at Caracas. He treated foreign plenipotentiaries with open indifference—but he entertained them splendidly. He knew that Venezuelan bonds were held by many nations, but he also knew that Venezuela held no other nation's bonds. "The happiest nations are those that are not creditors," he used to say, with a satiric smile.

But he believed in being a very considerable private creditor. At the time of his departure for Europe, he owned personally the two largest railways, the only brewery he would allow in the country, the biggest cigarette factory, the ice, electricity, and paper factories, and a good deal of the stock of the tramways. If he needed any more money for the moment, his favourite game was to cancel some foreign concession, though he invariably had legal proof of illegal interference in Venezuelan politics by the concessionaires before he did so! Out of 114 known concessions during his regime, seventy-two went into liquidation, and only two paid a dividend. Most deserved their fate.

Castro played with fate as few South Americans have ever done. In the end he lost the game, but it was magnificent fun while it lasted, and he left be-

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hind him the unique reputation of a man who, without any armed forces worthy of the name, defied seven Powers simultaneously—and successfully. For the rest, he was no worse than any of his predecessors, and in many respects the best of them all.

This was the man they sneered at in Washington and New York; the man France tried in vain to blackleg; the man Germany could not subdue; the man Holland would have liked to crush, but did not know how to crush.

He was the advance guard of others who have carried on, and are still carrying on, the work he began of arousing the Latin races in South America to a sense of their destiny, to an appreciation of the possibilities the future has in store for them.

His methods were often crude; so were those of the pioneers of many other movements which have ultimately influenced the world.

In his lifetime abused, cursed, an object of pity, scorn, raillery and jokes, Castro left behind him a record of work done, things accomplished, a national spirit awakened. And he did it in spite of everything and everybody. Many a ruler has gone down into the silence with less to his credit.

A TADJAH FESTIVAL

Breath of the Orient

A DENSE crowd of people; men and women and children separated into two groups — those who perform and those who look on; a remarkable crowd, containing the elements of that mysticism which has rendered the East a magnet for those who love romance for centuries past; lithe men standing statuesque, with impassive faces but gleaming eyes; men worked into a frenzy, beating drums with more energy than ever they put into cutting canes, and clashing cymbals with a vehemence singularly effective; women standing side by side, clad in brilliant julas and oranees, some holding their little ones, others swaying freely amid the din of cymbal and drum; children seated on the ground, or moving supple and graceful through the denseness of the crowd, all with faces upon which is stamped bewilderment and fascination supreme—this is but a faint impression created by the first glance at a Tadjah festival.

Tadjah! The very word suggests excitement; the actual thing is its fullest realisation; it is the coolie's great day, the one occasion upon which he stands revealed as an individual possessed of extraordinary

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vitality, a large measure of imagination, and no mean skill. It is the day when he pays frenzied tribute to the memory of the two good brothers who disappeared from earth, and of whose virtues he is never tired of telling the Baas, once he can be drawn. It is also the day upon which every coolie, of whatever age or sex, appears clad in his or her most gorgeous raiment, resplendent in brilliantly coloured attire, and laden with the jewellery which is to the coolie mind better and more to be desired than a fine day among the canes. Old men and old women, men in the prime of life, matrons with stately, even majestic figures, young girls and tiny children; all alike gather together to do honour to Houssen and Hassen, or whatever are the names of the patron saints whose glories the Tadjah serves to perpetuate. To the average European or colonial mind, there is something foolish about the whole ceremony; but to those who understand the coolie nature, and who know something of the spirit of fanaticism, half-religious, half-mystic, which permeates the Eastern character, it is full of interest, and significant of many things.

The Tadjah is the estate's holiday; the mills and other buildings are deserted; the cane fields are left to the tender care of the rats; and from the direction in which the coolies' huts lie comes floating through the trees the low monotonous sound of many voices talking in the distance. It was this sound that first

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apprised me as I lay lounging in a comfortable chair on a shady verandah that the Tadjah which I had been invited to witness was coming. "They would be terribly disappointed if they were not allowed in the yard," said the courteous manager.

The yard was a lawn, enclosed on three sides by beautiful trees, through the foliage of which could be caught glimpses of the gay attire of the festival-makers. The low hum of voices grew louder; the figures passing backwards and forwards in the distance increased in number; and then the rays of a kindly sun, which shone with most obliging brilliancy from a deep blue, cloud-flecked sky, gilded the top of a huge structure of which but a faint idea could be obtained in the distance.

A gorgeous procession swept down the long shady avenue, and entered the "yard"; the children first, conscious of the added dignity lent to their little figures by their raiment, compared with which Joseph's famous coat was plain; then the coolie women, old and young, walking with that graceful stride that centuries of untrammelled physique alone could produce; then the men, a crowd which, for variety and ingenuity in regard to attire, it would be hard indeed to beat. The women and children settled at one corner of the lawn; the remainder formed an oval, some who began to clamber up among the lower branches of the shady trees being promptly repri-

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manded by the "drivers"—men of authority, wearing gold or silver collars, armed with sticks, and bent upon making their powers as preservers of law and order felt by all.

The beating of drums to a time unknown in any infantry regiment of any army broke upon the air, making the beautiful gauze-winged dragon-flies circle rapidly with excitement, and sending the blood tingling through the veins of every human being who heard. The weird tattoo came nearer and nearer; the clashing cymbals betokened the approach of the Tadjah, and in a moment, heralded by a swaying, excited crowd of hundreds of coolies, it was borne in triumph round the corner, and set down in state far up on the lawn.

That Tadjah was simply indescribable, even as a work of art. Towering high, its utter gorgeousness made even the splendour of the garden pale, and when the sun's rays caught its golden dome, and were flashed back, it dazzled the eye to gaze upon it. If real temples could be constructed with the same rapidity and with the same splendour, then the East would not be alone in possessing the most magnificent buildings in the world. For upon the Tadjah an incalculable amount of labour had been spent; it represented a marvel of artistic skill, and into its construction the coolies had put more ingenuity and willing work than they ever put into any other labour

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they are called upon to perform. It towered in circles, tier on tier, tapering towards the top, and surmounted by a flashing golden dome and cross. Tinsel and beading and glass, cardboard, bamboo and paper, string and wire and wood—all had been utilised to form a creation of stupendous gorgeousness.

Beautiful patterns were worked on the sides of each tier, which were connected with the platforms upon which they rested with silvered cords, intertwined with coloured papers. Wide-spread fans, red and green and blue beads, and diamond-shaped tinsel work adorned each tier, the skill with which artistic patterns had been worked and the wonderful accuracy which had been observed in their combination being marvellous. Thirty feet high this magnificent structure towered, its brilliancy rendered more brilliant by comparison with the splendid setting afforded in the darker shades of the foliage around and the deep blue of the sky above. By its side were two baby Tadjahs, one in triangular tiers and the other in square tiers; each worked with the same constructive skill; each artistic, each gorgeous, and dazzling, as every bit of gilt and crimson and green and blue flashed in the brilliant sunlight. The mud baby, typical of the spirit supposed to be borne within the great Tadjah, was not on view, but, it may be taken for granted, reposed calm and serene within his gorgeous

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temporary temple, unheeding the frenzied crowd outside.

The scene was an intensely picturesque one. Kaleidoscopic julas, flaming oranees that framed more than one handsome eastern face—oranees of yellow and gold and crimson, falling in graceful folds over forms that many a sculptor would give worlds to express in marble; necks and wrists and ankles, slim and perfect in outline, laden with collars and bangles and rings; children no less effectively attired, some carried by their parents, others slipping in and out, or playing together on the other side of the trees; and men more quietly and scantily clad—these composed the quiescent portion of the assembly, and looked on with delight at the strange picture presented.

The din was incessant, rising and falling in volume. The active participants in the weird drama laboured with a terrific energy worthy of a nobler cause. They would be worth fortunes as regimental drummers if they only knew when to stop. Drums! There were all sorts and conditions of drums, played by just as varied an assortment of drummers. Drums made from rum barrels, the bodies of which had been neatly covered with green and red cloth, and sheep or goat skins; drums made from boxes, drums that gave way under the terrific strain to which they were subjected, and drums that held out to the last, defy-

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ing their beaters. On many of the skin tops mystic patterns and signs were cleverly sketched, but these did not present half so interesting an appearance as the individuals who played them.

I have seen many carnivals in different lands, but neither in the streets of Venice and Rome, nor in the Sheik's Hall at Cairo have I ever seen anything so stupendously grotesque as were those beaters of drums and clashers of cymbals. Their attire was chiefly conspicuous by reason of its variegated nature; it partook of the delightful *al fresco* style of a fancy dress ball in a barn yard at home. Patchwork of weird and wonderful patterns, semi-continuations of varying lengths, loin cloths and other garments of which the very names are alarming, combined to render them at once supreme above the limitations of fashion or the styles imposed by adherence to conventionality in dress.

Not satisfied with adorning themselves with coloured paper and various scintillating odds and ends, some of them had become for the time being emulous of Albert Chevalier, and had donned terrible head-gear in which coloured glass, bright buttons, tags of crimson, yellow and pale blue cloth, and other little details combined to lend them an appearance peculiarly fantastic.

Bang! Whack! Thump! Clash! Pom-pom-pom! Sticks of all sizes, thicknesses and weights,

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wielded by arms that never seemed to tire, were brought down upon the drums, which gave answer in voices that might reasonably be supposed to disturb the mud baby from his sleep within the Tadjah temple. The drummers stood in circles, each trying to outdo all others in the force of his attentions to his drum, each trying to make the most noise. The perspiration poured from their arms, necks and faces, but still they thumped. Their eyes gleamed, their bodies swayed, their hair grew dank and fell over their faces, but still they thumped and banged and whacked, and still the cymbal clashers produced sweet music from that most abominable of instruments which the ancients have left with us as a legacy, and as a sign that they knew something about music.

Not for a moment did the hideous din cease; not for one moment were the drums silent; around each group, now moving in rotatory motion with their drums, now shaking their heads in a very frenzy of excitement, the people gathered, urging the strikers to hit harder and nodding approval at every mighty thump. Costers walloping their donkeys on the road to Epsom Downs on Derby Day never hit half as hard as do these sons of India when beating the drum at a Tadjah; nobody in the world ever bestows so much sustained energy upon such an apparently unsatisfactory proceeding for so long a time.

The din increases to a pandemonium, but as yet

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the Tadjah is only beginning. Young men come forward on the lawn, well-built coolies, clad in fancy costumes somewhat after a debased Louis Quatorze fashion plate, a sort of travesty of the humorous mediaeval knight who struts in silken doublet and celestial-hued pants with a fancy Toledo blade in his hand. These are the fencers, and they are worth watching, in spite of the fact that their "swords" are but wooden, and are ornamented with coloured paper. They advance towards one another prancing like cart-horses, retire as if they were undergoing the Anglo-Saxon trial by red-hot ploughshares, and then march around in the manner affected by patrons of St. Vitus' dance.

All this is very interesting, especially as they wave their arms and put forward their parry sticks—round pieces of wood the size of a saucepan lid, and covered with tough hide—in a most aggressive manner. It lasts too long, however, and after four or five couples have been playing in this manner for some time, it becomes wearisome. Suddenly there is a spring, a lunge never seen in any fencing school, and a leap back—the fencing has begun. This is not fencing after the finished French school, not the Italian duello, nor the German student's carving; it is purely—coolie fencing. Not a jot do the coolies know of quarte or tierce, feint seconde, feint flannade, or even deceive to tierce; the recognized

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methods they abhor. But with marvellous dexterity they poke and slash and cut and jump back—the latter especially—receiving each other's thrusts on the parry stick, and never touching one another.

The fencing goes on, round after round, until it is broken off by mutual agreement. Then another pair come forward, one sinking on his knees, a wounded warrior, and slashing out in a most vicious manner at the attacking party, who prances around him like a war-horse on parade. Another leap, more slashes, and the two combatants fall out once more, to give place to others. Then a black-bearded coolie comes along with a couple of ancient sword-bayonets which he has borrowed for the occasion, and performs wonders with them, making cuts in the air with both simultaneously, rendering matters generally unsafe for everybody near him, and looking up to the verandah for the approval of the onlookers. After this he challenges a fellow-mortal to deadly combat; more slashing ensues, with the result that neither man is hurt, and both feel very proud. Other fencing turns follow, one man engaging four, and always managing to escape a touch.

Meanwhile, amiable gentlemen, with just as much clothing as is compatible with the requirements of the law, prance about manipulating turnsticks—long poles with a ball at each end—in a manner as remarkable for its dexterity as its grace. Another pursues

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them with a mysterious looking apparatus—two sticks crossed at right angles, with a silver ball depending on a silver string from each end. This he twizzles around his head and body with the utmost rapidity, occasionally stopping to swear in some unknown Hindoo tongue as he accidentally hits himself in the eye with one of the balls. The silent sympathy of the bystanders encourages him, however, and he continues, carefully ducking his head each time those balls come his way.

A little behind him are the acrobats and contortionists, who turn somersaults very neatly, dislocate their shoulders, necks and legs, and manage to look as if they were enjoying the performance. Some of their tricks are distinctly clever, as, for instance, when they lie down, get men to stand on their outstretched arms, and then turn somersaults on the ground. They seem very fond of the gravel, and grovel in it, performing various feats of strength until the perspiration stands out in marble beads upon their sleek and shining backs. After them come the wrestlers, who are of all ages and sizes, and who do not observe either Cumberland, Westmoreland, Cornish, or catch-as-catch can styles, preferring to jump at each other, hang lovingly round each other's necks, and then trust to a twist of the neck and a judicious application of the hiping principle known to Old Country wrestlers.

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They adopt most astounding attitudes, squatting on their haunches like prize bantams, springing towards each other, and retiring with an agility that many an awkward newly-made baronet backing from the presence of royalty might well emulate. Still, everything is friendly, and they never lose their tempers. The fencers go off together; the wrestlers pat their strong chests in token of good intentions, and the contortionist smiles upon the men who stand on his hands. Then everybody makes way, for that terrible thing, the man-eating tiger, has arrived.

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The tiger is of a most frightful appearance. Naked, save for a loin cloth which is not supposed to be seen, but to which is attached the chain held by his keeper, his body is fearfully and wonderfully painted, and striped after the fashion of the Royal Bengal breed. He has no tail, but grows his nails long for weeks before the Tadjah, and stains his hands blood-red, so that they have the appearance of being very murderous claws indeed. His face is also stained with pigments until it has a tigerish look, and as he proceeds round in a sort of bear's dance, his tongue lolling out, his claws frantically sawing the air, and his teeth gnashing ominously, he presents an appearance calculated to imbue the most fearless with a wholesome respect.

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Enter another terrible-looking object—a tattered demalion in genuine European trousers that have seen decidedly better days, his chest bare, his matted red beard wobbling—it is insecurely fastened—and his eyes wearing a hunted look. He surveys the tiger with suspicion, scorn supreme adulterated with a wholesome modicum of fear reveals itself in the expressions on his countenance, and then the sport begins. The two leap at each other, always missing because the tiger is controlled by the chain. After a considerable amount of second-rate acrobatic work, a start is effected by the tiger, and a ferocious mock-struggle ensues, in which the ragged man comes off second best, eventually being knocked over, trampled upon, metaphorically gnawed, and scratched, his false beard coming off during the latter interesting process.

This gives great satisfaction, but time is up. The manager signals that the show shall cease; the drums and cymbals create an inconceivable din; slowly but steadily the Tadjah is lifted and borne along, together with the little baby Tadjahs. The vast crowd follows, orderly, quiet, and delighted, and is lost to sight behind the trees. But a few minutes later the fun begins again; the overseers' house has been reached, and the whole performance is repeated.

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It is sunset; the western sky is a blaze of golden splendour, with crimson bars and opalescent filmy clouds rising high above the horizon. The Tadjah looks tawdry against this magnificence; and this is but natural, for its time has come, and its final end is already decided. Borne to the side of the trench along with the miniatures, it is set on the ground on the spot whence was taken the mud of which the mud baby is composed. Drums again beat out their fiendish tattoo; cymbals again clash defiance to mankind. Then, amid lamentation, the Tadjah is dissected, and its component parts flung into the waters of the trench, which, although not so wide as those of the Ganges, are just as dirty.

In it goes, campanile and all; it floats in shattered glory on the surface for a while, and then, as the sun sinks and the first star peeps shyly out, the Tadjah sinks, to rise again in greater glory in twelve months' time. The coolies go home; the drums and cymbals are put away; and when the overseers go to work the next morning, the snores of three thousand coolies alone greet their ears. The Tadjah is ended, and the coolie's energy has disappeared.

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SPIRIT OF THE SPHINX

An Egyptian Vision

ALLAH AKBAR! God is great . . . come to prayer . . . Allahu Akbar . . . ”

Over the minarets that pointed with golden-tipped fingers to the sky, over the Nile shrouded in a fine haze through which flotillas of boats loomed in shadowy outline, over all things, fading away into the mysterious silence of the desert floated the voice of the Muezzin, calling the faithful to prayer: and the crowds of Arab chatterers on the river banks threw away their cigarettes, dipped hands and feet in the river, and knelt on the ground, touching the earth twice with their foreheads.

I stood a little apart from one small group of worshippers, gazing idly at the wall of the Ghesireh Palace gardens. I remember the day well, because I had just concluded several months of hard work, and was at an idle end. Before that day was over, it was fated that I should recall it for a very different cause. I waited until the rose-tints had faded into translucent blue, then turned and made my way quickly over the great bridge which leads to Cairo, and walked through the new quarter of the city, along avenues of dense growing lebbek—the Egyptian acacia,—

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past handsome villas lying in beautifully decorated gardens, into the ancient portion of the town.

I liked to wander about the quaint narrow streets, and in and out of the bazaars, to thread my way through the dense crowd of ungainly camels, water-carriers burdened with water-skins filled to bursting-point, veiled women with infants seated astride on their shoulders, running sais in gorgeous apparel endeavouring in vain to clear a passage through the throng. I was keenly attracted by the mosques, by the thousand and one curiosities in amethyst, lapis lazuli, and other precious stones, by beautiful silks and cunningly worked metals; and by the Turkish women, in their delicately fine yashmeks; by the Egyptian ladies in their flowing black silk robes; by the black-robed mallahs; by the gorgeously-turbaned Turks and by great Arab Sheiks, stately and statuesque.

All the hundred and one individualities among the most cosmopolitan crowd in the world fascinated me. For the uneven paved streets of Cairo, with their queer projecting oriels and lattice-work; the loose, interlaced palm-leaf and bamboo roofs of the bazaars, softening the glare of the hot Egyptian sunlight; and the ever-restless, ever swaying kaleidoscope of humanity, combine to present a picture which, for quaintness, brilliance of colouring, and intensity of interest, cannot be surpassed.

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I got deep into the heart of the city, and mingled with the people, stopping now and then to examine some great opal or tiny specimen of inlaid metal work, some quaint jewel or gleaming tapestry.

I had seen much of Europe,—the squalor of Rome which hides so much magnificence, the gay brilliance of Paris, the blatant modernity of Berlin, the grandeur of Vienna, and the charm of the old Rhine towns. I had travelled here and there, as a free-lance; but always the South was calling, and the nearer I got to the Mediterranean, the more intrigued with life I felt. Egypt was, up to that time, the most fascinating land I had seen. After a long trip into the interior, I had come back to Cairo, and had time hanging on my hands, but never heavily. For I found the people and the ever-changing scene absorbing always. Particularly did I enjoy loitering in the late afternoon near the end of the Great Nile bridge, to watch the sunset. Then I would cross over to the grand acacia grove leading to the Pyramids, and there I would watch the wonderful panorama which can only be seen in its perfection in Egypt, heedless of the passing peasant women with their bundles of gilleb (fuel made of dried manure), of the white-robed Arabs, and the fierce, grandly-built Bicharis.

Modern sunsets in Venice and in Florence are intolerably true to Turner, but the artist has yet to be born who can succeed in transferring to canvas

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the indescribable beauty of an Egyptian sunset. I never tired of watching the sun, descending over the desert, send its dying rays of gold through the dust-haze drenching the lands immediately adjacent to the river banks, and over the desert beyond, an all-embracing flame of liquid fire which the Nile flood reflected. The first after-glow would transform bars of cloud low in the west into the tenderest translucent rose tints, and turn the whole eastern sky into one vast, fiery glare of crimson which slowly spread and changed to many hues—rising up into a great lemon glow, then deepening to flaming orange and slowly fading to a thin crimson where illimitable sky met illimitable sandy waste, the Nile gleaming as if a stream of blood.

That evening I was possessed by a strange premonition that stirred my emotional self, though I could not have given it any clear definition. I recall that it made me intensely restless. And I went out to try and walk myself into a quieter mood. The moon had risen, and Egypt was one vast white land of ghosts. Ghostlike the minarets of Cairo lifted their silvered heads to the starlit sky; ghostlike lay the flotillas upon the Nile, which was one gleaming sheet of silver glory; ghostlike the giant acacias in the avenue leading from the bridge to the desert waved their heads in the soft breeze, while from the river banks far and near came the mournful, monot-

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onous murmur of the Arab's tuneless but pathetic songs, which they sang without any apparent sense of pathos, stopping now and then to draw deeply at their cigarettes or to laugh and play about like school-boys. From the desert at intervals came the plaintive howls of the pariah dogs as they wandered in search of scraps over the vast wilderness, or squatted on their haunches by the mud walls of their masters' huts.

Dim memories began to float through my brain; faces grave and gay flitted before my mind's eye, and I began to experience for the first time the acute tenseness of feeling which, to the sensitive, makes Egypt such a terribly attractive place.

Suddenly, athwart the confused tenor of my thoughts, broke the sound of horses' hoofs, softly trotting. I turned, unconsciously welcoming relief from the strain. An arabeeyah was approaching. As it reached the far end of the bridge and began to rattle over, I watched it with a casual interest. But as it passed I caught a glimpse of a face that seemed to me the most mystical and beautiful I had ever seen.

Egyptian, yet not Egyptian. It was only a momentary glance, as she bent forward and seemed to me to gaze straight into my eyes; an oval face, with a broad, low forehead on which the thick dark hair lay like a caress; a long, finely chiselled nose with the marked bridge so characteristic of the Egyptian, but

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a thin, sweet mouth that did not belong to the land of Egypt, a chin with a perfect curve, and almond-shaped eyes—eyes as dark and deep as the purple sky above, eyes full of a strange fire that seemed to burn into my brain. I noticed the thick, luxurious hair flowing behind, inside the outer head-veil; both veils were raised—an extraordinary thing,—and over her brow a thin gold fillet glinted in the moonlight.

Who was she, the visionary mystery who thus violated all the time-honoured conventions of Egypt, and drove, alone, in an arabeeyah so late at night? What was she doing there; where was she going? For a moment I almost obeyed an impulse to run after the carriage, which had gone along the desert road, but instead I stood irresolute.

She had looked at me once; she had looked through me. Where had I seen those haunting eyes before? For I was certain that I had seen them before. I could not remember them as the eyes of any of the women I had seen, or in any of the paintings of women in the Louvre or at Dresden; yet it seemed to me they belonged to some remote part of my life, or rather to some time in the long ago when I had lived another life. Strange visions of stately columns and lofty temples rose up before me; I seemed to be lifted out of myself, to be carried back into another age of which I had no previous recollection, save a sense that it was not all new and strange.

SPIRIT OF THE SPHINX

Slowly, mechanically, revolving many memories, I made my way along the road beneath the avenue of acacias. On and on I walked, until I reached the hotel, and paced the verandah for a short time. Then I went up to my room. I threw open the window. I remember it was a night vibrating with an indefinable sense of silence and perfume. Around my window clung hanging wreaths of the Sitt el Hosn (Lady of Beauty), the unforgettable Egyptian creeper with its delicate lilac flowers.

But I felt a longing to be in the open, away from the confines of four walls. So I left the hotel once more, and went out on the dusty road to the Pyramids.

Shadowy forms of white-robed Arabs and Bedouins passed me with ghostly undulating walk in the moonlight. Occasionally one greeted me: "Litak, saida, ya howaghah" (Good-night, O Stranger).

The desert wind, pure, keen, intensely dry, swept occasional swirls of thin sand around me; still I walked on and on, seeing only those eyes, surmounted by that broad low forehead on which the fillet-bound hair lay like a caress. Their fire still burned my brain, and set it awhirl.

At last I reached the vast open basin at the bottom of which the mysterious Sphinx uplifts its mighty head. I stood at the edge of this great cup, and gazed down at it.

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I had stood before the marvels of Michelangelo, and their white marble stillness had suggested to me dreams in which angels floated; I had been lost in amazement at the beauties of Florentine and Venetian architectures; standing alone within the vast amphitheatre of the Coliseum, I had reconstructed for myself the scenes of gladiatorial combat in centuries past.

But this immense monument that had disdainfully withstood the buffet of ages impressed me as no other scene within my experience has done—it awed, oppressed, almost terrified me. I stood there as motionless as the Sphinx below, so far as I knew the only human figure in the midnight landscape. Before me was the couchant lion in the desert, resting there, unchanged and unchangeable, the mystery of the ages, seeming, behind its appalling, stern impassivity, to hide the untold secrets of all centuries. Around me the desert stretched in a death-like silence; above me the silver-bright brilliance of the moonlight flooded the sky; and still I gazed, entranced, hypnotized.

And as I stood, there floated—so it seemed—out of the night between me and the silent monster below, a white-robed form, moving with a strange grace. Down the slope it glided, but before it passed into the shadow of the towering stone I had recognized the broad low brow and fillet-bound hair. One

SPIRIT OF THE SPHINX

long flowing robe she wore, and it seemed to me that I had at last beheld the perfection of a woman's stately grace. Tall, imperious, silent, she stood there, and slowly raised her arms above her head in seeming supplication. Then her voice broke the silence.

I listened. Soft and low the words came at first, and in an unknown tongue. Then a pause, and the silence seemed deeper and more intense than before. But it was broken again by a swift rush of words. Her voice rose and fell in echoing cadence, now threatening, now adjuring, then appealing.

And as I watched it seemed to me as though a mist grew about her, thin and impalpable at first, but gradually thickening.

Impelled by an impulse I made no effort to resist, I made my way down the slope. But even as I did so, the figure vanished.

I remember leaning for a long time against the base of the great stone monster that towered in eternal watchfulness above me. I know that I stayed there until the brilliance of the moonlight faded and grey-winged dawn rushed relentlessly over the dusky waste of sand.

I never saw her again, though I searched all Cairo, and made persistent inquiries, until at last even my friends began to look at me askance. Was it a dream, some figment of the imagination that impinged itself upon my sub-consciousness in a moment of emotional

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disturbance? All I know is that I saw what I have set down exactly as I have written it here, and that this memory is as vivid with me to-day as any of my life.

The Theatre, Looking Backward

YVETTE GUILBERT

Spirit of Old France

MORE years ago than I care to count, on a starlit evening in May, I wandered with a friend who had known his Paris for a lifetime into the famous Café des Ambassadeurs. The place was full of cigarette smoke, laughter, and the clink of glasses upon saucers. We sat at a little table just inside the entrance, and as we sipped some rare old fine champagne my friend talked of the old days in that very café, when it was no infrequent thing to see comedy and tragedy go hand-in-hand within the limits of a fleeting hour, when one might hear a famous artiste sing, or witness the sad spectacle of an artiste destined to be great in after-years derisively cheered. "But," he said musingly, "most of them have gone. There's only one left."

And at that moment there was a crashing chord from the big, black piano, and a sudden lull in the conversation all about us, and then—pandemonium, as men and women, youths and girls, rose and yelled, shrieked and shouted their welcome to a tall, surpassingly thin and graceful girl who stood bowing on the little platform,—bowing with a smile that took in everything and everybody, while she touched her lips

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coquettishly with a wisp of a mouchoir and beat a rataplan on the piano lid with her finger-nails. Then she stamped her foot, and the whole audience grew suddenly silent. The pianist's fingers wandered caressingly over the keys, and a clear, thin voice, astoundingly small, overwhelmingly sweet, began to sing Martini's immortal "Plaisir d'Amour".

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It was as if some long-locked door of Time's storehouse of melodies had been opened by an unseen hand, and all the pent-up loveliness of dead music was escaping slowly—so slowly—into the air after centuries of silence. So small was that voice, one insensibly leaned forward and strained an ear to catch every note. The rhythm was slow, hypnotic. And the singer's face as she sang was as one who was dreaming of dead romance or of the irrecoverable beauty of a crushed butterfly's wing.

The last note lingered on the smoke-laden air, and faded away into silence. And as I looked about me, there was romance to be read on nearly every face,—in the eyes of young, middle-aged and old,—romance, and a tenderness that seemed for a moment to hold the silence in its caress. Then the moment passed, and pandemonium broke loose once more.

Again the singer tapped her foot, and again the voices faded. This time a rippling little rhythm

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dropped from the piano, and the tall figure bent forward, and from those still smiling lips there came, in a perfect torrent of Parisian argot, the words of a song whose very name I have forgotten, but the purport of which was of a naughtiness that would have made Anthony Comstock drop dead from apoplexy. And the woman who sang the words had the face and the smile and the clear, innocent eyes of a child!

"Who is she?" I asked my friend. He did not hear me. I repeated the question. "Oh, that . . ." the words came queerly from his lips. "that's Yvette Guilbert. Mark my words, my boy, she's great now, but, Dieu merci, she doesn't know it yet! Some day, if she isn't spoiled, she will be wonderful!"

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That was in the early 'nineties. The woman who was great but didn't know it has long since become great in the eyes of the whole dramatic world, and has earned the right to be called "wonderful" as an artiste in very truth. "Diseuse," they used to call her, and do so to-day. "Chansonneuse," she used to call herself. There is a subtle difference, but it is inexplicable in plain English terms. Nor does the difference really affect Yvette Guilbert's art. For that art embraces all the meaning of both words, and much more besides.

Guilbert is an elocutionist, an actress, a singer, a song-interpreter, a mistress of parlando—spoken

MEMORIES THAT LIVE

words to a musical accompaniment,—and of every phase of rhythmic expression. Perhaps her day is done. She has made no public appearance for some time. But a few years ago she was still in the prime of her womanhood, still at the pinnacle of her artistic career, still the supreme and incomparable *chansonneuse*. And I have a conviction that if she were to come to us to-morrow, we would find her supreme and incomparable still!

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Yvette Guilbert has always seemed to me to embody the finest essence of the greatest vocal and histrionic arts. She is neither a singer only, nor a comedienne only, nor a tragedienne only, nor an elocutionist only, nor a mimic only. She is all of these—and something more than all. She is an *artiste* compounded of all the most subtle elements of all these separate arts. She achieves at her best something that is at once a triumph of drama, of the spirit of song, of the foundations of emotion finding fullest, freest utterance.

For nearly forty years she has been the interpreter of the Spirit of France. Her gradual evolution from the cabaret singer to the grand *artiste* in a sense typifies the evolution of the art of the theatre, the concert platform, and the silent mime. When I saw her first, in that old *Café des Ambassadeurs*, she was the reckless, irresponsible *chansonneuse*, a Bohemian

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sprite of irrepressible gaiety, a perfect whirlwind of the lighter emotions. The Guilbert of ten years ago was a very different Guilbert. Gone was much of the old trifling spirit. Gone, too, was much of the old wayward appeal to ephemeral fantasies, the whimsical ideas of a day. In their stead was a finer, subtler art, a deeper spirit, a more profound emotional sweep. Yet she still stood as the high priestess of the popular literature of songs, of a musical past unrivalled in its beauty,—and of the music and the drama of that great indomitable race which “can crown Life with roses or bow to Death with equal grace.”

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Memories of her personality crowd thickly in my mind. For with Guilbert her art and her personality have ever been intertwined, interdependent, inseparable. The first thing that always struck one about her was her walk. It is so with all great artists. Irving's walk was the man himself. So was Whistler's slouch. So was Lord Salisbury's elephantine tread. So was the slow, arresting, indescribably graceful glide of Duse.

I recall Guilbert's singing of one of those fifteenth century chansons she has loved so well. She was wearing, be very sure, a mediaeval gown of her own design, sombrely splendid, modelled after some tiny figure she had found in an illuminated missal of an

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old Italian monastery, gorgeous in its rich colouring, magnificent in its majestic lines. But it was not the gown. It was the walk of the woman who wore it that held you. The splendid robe was but the setting.

There are three women who have walked greatly upon our modern stage. Modjeska was one. Duse was the second. And Yvette Guilbert is the third,—and the greatest of all, in walking. It may be said of her in truth that

“She walks in beauty, like the night
“Of cloudless climes and starry skies.”

Like Duse, Guilbert is also mistress of the art of standing still. Moreover, she understands to perfection that sculpture of the mind upon the body which was the secret of ancient Greece, which so many actresses in the past have sought in vain to master, which stood revealed once more to an astonished world when first Eleonora Duse flashed her calm, inscrutable, disturbing genius across the stage.

Guilbert is mistress, too, of rhythm—mistress of all the rhythms, that of life, of muscle, of bodily emotion, of gesture, of expression, of the spoken word, of all emotions. In a phrase, mistress of the spirit that inspired Phidias and Michelangelo and Beethoven and Keats.

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Does this seem extravagant praise? It is not. For proof, let memory recall once more the marvel of her art. Let us watch her again as she tells us the story of the birth of Christ. The stage is bare, save for the inconspicuous carpet. A piano is but half in evidence, covered with a cloth of neutral colour. The pianist, wholly hidden from view, strikes a deep solemn chord. Guilbert floats—she does not merely move—slowly forward, and lifts her arms. Then, in a low, clear, far-off voice, she begins the immortal story. . . .

Gone is the stage. Gone all the surroundings. You are transported to a height overlooking that little Jewish village of Bethlehem; over you a still, clear night of stars; below, the hushed and sleeping houses. A faint, far cry sounds. It is the watchman calling the hour. A woman's weary figure drags tired feet despairingly towards a rude tavern. She seeks a resting-place, but is gruffly rebuffed. Again and again the same despairing entreaty and the same rude rebuff, until the gentle-speaking husband shares his wife's despair.

At last the stable. You can hear the quiet breathing of oxen in the dark. Again and again the hour is sounded by the far-off watchman through the starlit silence of the night. . . . At last there comes the chanting of the angels, soft at first, then louder and louder, until it trumpets forth, crystal-clear,

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the news of the Divine birth to the still sleeping world. . . . Then silence. . . . as deep as the grave, broken by a mother's crooning lullaby. . . .

That is the picture this marvellous woman conjures up in my mind's eye—unaided save by beautiful music exquisitely interpreted and by the mysterious magic of her own unmatched, triumphant art.

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Extravagant praise, do you think? Let me recall another memory, when, turning from that vision of the dreaming East, Guilbert gave in swift succession the Legend of Saint Nicholas and the charming *chanson de quête*, "C'est le Mai." It was a myriad voices that spoke in one. I can hear still the tenderness of the revelation of the Vision, the exquisite tones that tell of the Awakening. . . . And yet another memory—that of a stout old priest, marching pompously at the head of his altar boys and choir boys, chanting with monotonous rhythm and stertorous voice, "C'est le Mai." And then the clear, shrill, childish treble of the children following, with an amazing change in the singer's carriage, gait, gestures, voice, expression, eyes.

Remember that she achieved all this without a vestige of scenic accessories. They would but have hampered such an art as hers. Yet she could create upon a bare stage a succession of pictures—mental visions, call them what you will,—each clearly drawn,

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each wonderfully coloured, each perfect in outline and design, that carried you to Bethlehem, back to Old France, into the wide spaces of ancient cathedrals, through sylvan glades of mediaeval woodland, into humble village homes—anywhere and everywhere. Is not this a marvel of art?

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Her sense of humour has always been wonderful. From the first, it was always preternaturally acute. With later years, it became mature, absolutely controlled, perfectly balanced, unexceptionable in taste. No matter whether it was comedy or tragedy that she depicted,—the impish diablerie of “Lien Serre”, for instance, or “La Mort du Mari”, the coquettish charm of “Entrons dans ce P’tit Bois”, the reminiscential naughtiness of “C’était Mon Amant”, the awful horror of “La Glu”, or the worldly wisdom of the old dame cherishing bygone memories in Béranger’s “Gran’mere”—it was always an achievement of supreme art, at once stimulating to the imagination and appealing to the senses.

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She has brought her vision and her genius to Canada more than once. All who saw her long to see her again. But if that keen pleasure is to be denied us, there will still remain unforgettable memories of her charm, for she is one of those rare artistes one

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recalls always with a joy that lives and lingers. Others may come and go, fleeting figures on the mighty stage of the world's playhouse. She alone remains transcendental in her art and artistry, to-day and forever the realization of the spirit of Old France.

To see and hear her was always an unalloyed delight. To recall her to memory is to inhale once more the rare fragrance of a bouquet of Gloire de Dijon roses wafted to you across the intervening seas.

ALLA NAZIMOVA

A Russian Mystery

A SLIM, willowy figure, all fascination and curve and rhythmic line; a small proud head set upon a graceful, slender neck, so fragile it almost seems as if it would not bear even that slight weight; and from a lily-pale face two great burning eyes that gleam and glow with a light now sombre, now flashing—eyes that hold mystery, tragedy, defiance. That is Alla Nazimova, the Russian actress who interrupted a notable career on the stage of spoken drama to drink at the golden fountain of the film, as I recall her.

If you have seen Nazimova once in a role that suited her, a role in which she took an interest and which she interpreted with genuine emotional feeling, you could never forget her. There was something hypnotic in her steady gaze; something fascinating in her tragic poise, in her unbearable silences. With the solitary exception of Duse, there is no actress of our day who has so vividly illustrated the illusion of bodily thought. You watched her as she sat at a table, or as she stood silent, her head held on one side, listening; or as she leaned forward, tense, caught in the emotional surge of some great dramatic

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moment. It was as if her whole body was listening. It was the literal and visual sculpture of the soul upon the body which, at its finest, is the apotheosis of the actor's art.

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There is a curious prejudice on this Continent against any foreign actress who essays to speak English, on the general score that she can be but imperfectly understood. I have never been able to sympathise with this prejudice myself, more particularly when I think of all the actors and actresses supposed to speak the English language whom I have experienced more or less difficulty in understanding during some forty years of theatre-going.

But when a foreign actress with a very imperfect knowledge of English undertakes to interpret a role that demands almost every resource of her art, and when she succeeds, despite her imperfections of speech, in gripping the hearts of her audience, in making them realize that she is actually experiencing, in her own heart and body, every emotion she is portraying upon the stage, then I say that actress's art transcends all mere limitations of accent; is, in effect, greater than that of the actress who, with a perfect command of the language and the ability to lend the role verisimilitude, yet fails to stir her audience beyond the point of polite interest.

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When she decided to throw in her lot with the motion picture industry, the legitimate stage lost in Alla Nazimova one of its most brilliant, accomplished and versatile artists. Like other great Russians, Nazimova came out of the east unostentatiously. Her debut in English was heralded with no blare of trumpets, after less than five months' study of the language, in a role that has proved a stumbling-block to many actresses whose native tongue is English. But she rose in meteoric flight to a position of pre-eminence as an interpreter of Ibsen upon the American stage, and she held that position, unchallenged and undisputed, till the movie world lured her and the footlights knew her no more.

The solid fundamental grounding which the dramatic schools of Moscow provided accounted for much of Nazimova's remarkable technique. She was a student in Moscow for over four years, and she toured in several Russian provincial companies, thereby gaining an experience which is possible to-day in no other country in the world, because the Russian provincial actress had to be ready to take up, at a moment's notice, a role for which she was temperamentally and physically unfitted, quite as often as she was asked to interpret one for which her personality and temperamental equipment qualified her.

When Nazimova made her first appearance in London, it was in the role of Lia in that grimly ironic

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drama, "The Chosen People", and it was in the same role that she made her first appeal to the American public in New York, a little more than twenty-four years ago. There were many among those who then saw her who recognized the genius that thrilled the slim, slight figure, and who predicted for her a brilliant career, but it was not until New York saw her Hedda Tesman in "Hedda Gabler", at the Princess Theatre, towards the end of 1906, that the discriminating playgoers began to realize that a new force was making itself felt upon the American stage.

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Since that memorable performance Nazimova has played both comedy and tragedy throughout the United States. She has appeared in melodrama, and she has given us some charming examples of exquisite refinement in stage portraiture in such roles as the Marquise de Montclars in "The Marionettes". She proved her right to be considered an actress of remarkable versatility, while at the same time she demonstrated conclusively that it was as an interpreter of tragic roles that her genius found its fullest scope.

Although she speedily learned to speak English fluently, she never conquered a marked foreign accent. Her voice was small in volume, but of a peculiarly arresting quality, with a note of appeal in quiet moments. When action and voice rose to a

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climax, however, there was the true hoarse voice of passion. One had a very clear impression of a still, small voice sounding clearly out of magnetic silence, and when, as at the close of "A Doll's House", Nora tells her husband of her decision to go into the world and learn that lesson she has never mastered as his wife, this still, small voice fell upon the ear with a weight of tragic significance one hardly realized at the moment. Or, as in the tremendous scene of denunciation in "The Comet", when the masquerading Lona releases all the pent-up hatred of years, this small voice struck upon the ear with the sharp crack of a whip cord, rasped its way into the brain and seared the memory with an indelible impression of a tremendous emotion, given steel-like vocal form.

. . . .

Recollections of Lona bring to mind one of the most remarkable of Nazimova's many histrionic resources,—her ability to adapt (or perhaps mould would be the better word) her personality to the specific requirements of a particular role. In "The Comet", Lona returns after many years' absence to the town and the people who have scorned her. She conceals her identity, relying upon her changed appearance to keep it from those who formerly knew her. Nazimova, by skilful dressing of her role, made Lona appear a figure of astonishing height, who tow-

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ered,—an illusion that was perfect—over the rest; whereas Lona, in reality—Nazimova in physique—was a small woman. The secret of the illusion lay in the dress, in the changed carriage, the change of walk, the change of poise, the careful regard for these and a dozen other details which, taken separately, would mean little or nothing, but which, taken together, created a new portrait.

One noted this thoroughness in everything Nazimova did upon the stage. It was the mechanism, so to speak, of her art. But she was mistress of those mechanics absolutely. She understood every technical angle of acting. The rest—the effortless manner in which her personality seemed to reach out, grasp the audience, and hold it spellbound while she was before them, was a matter of genius, easy to describe, but well-nigh impossible to explain.

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The art of Nazimova is essentially plastic. She sculpts the emotions upon the body; she sweeps the whole gamut of emotional expression with an ease that astounds; she is the embodiment of psychological truth in acting. Those who have seen Janauschek must have recognized in this gifted Russian an artist of the same brilliant emotional powers; those who have known Vera Komisarzhovsky will note a similarity in Nazimova's subtlety of gesture, pose, and expression; and those who agree with me that

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Eleonora Duse is the greatest actress of our time will have remarked in the acting of Nazimova an exposition of the same marvellous skill in visualizing, through the body, thought, impulse, and emotion, as the greatest of all Italian tragediennes utilized in her incomparable impersonations.

I have always been deeply impressed by her economy of histrionic resources. Like her great countrywoman, Komisarzhovsky, she learned the full value, and the tremendous significance, of apparently unstudied naturalness, subtlety of pose, suggestiveness of gesture, resolute self-restraint, and contempt for all the mere theatrics of physical outbursts.

This sinuous, fascinating Russian could convey more by a shudder, the sudden poise of her head, the lifting of her arm in a caress, the flex of her body as she slowly moved to and fro, than most actresses, accounted distinguished nowadays, can by the employment of the whole range of theatrical attributes.

She swiftly arrived at a full comprehension of her own powers and a complete knowledge of the manner in which to utilize them to the best possible advantage. If there is one fault that has been evident in her acting, it has been her tendency to over-accentuate a situation, to linger upon a phrase, to delay a climax, until it becomes almost an anti-climax. Despite this, she has left a living impression as an actress of great and exceptional gifts, able to thrill

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her audience with a gesture, electrify them by a glance.

I think sometimes Nazimova was born to interpret Ibsen. She had such an intuitive comprehension of the complexities of his women, such a sure grasp of their limitations, such a brilliant conception of their mental qualities. And what is more to the point, she succeeded in conveying all this to her audience by methods that were neither obvious nor susceptible of detailed analysis. It is easy to say she did this, or that she abstained from doing that; but precisely how she obtained a certain effect or illusion, it is extremely difficult to explain. I have tried more than once to analyse her performance during a climax to a scene and found myself left, after all, with nothing but an intensely vivid and potent impression of a flashing dramatic moment.

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Whether as Nora Helmer or as Hilda Wangel or as Rita Allmers or Hedda Tesman or Hedvig or La Malquerida or Lona, this gifted actress played no part ingloriously. Even her failures—and she was badly advised to produce several second-rate American plays from time to time—were distinguished failures. She could not be inconspicuous anywhere, for the simple reason that her personality was too striking to be smothered. She was the reverse of self-seeking, either on or off the stage. She maintained absolute

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dramatic values. She was sympathetic towards her fellow-artists, fascinating in conversation, a charming hostess and a delightfully vivacious companion. But always there was around and about her that air of mystery which no western mind could penetrate. She married an American, but she never took to herself the Anglo-Saxon mentality. She was always a true Russian, combining the sombre introspection of the Orient with the brooding mystery that nothing can dissociate from the Slavic temperament.

One hopes still against hope that she will return even yet to the spoken drama. Genius like her own, flaming and unquenchable, is wasted on the screen. She is in the prime of life, a great artiste capable of inspiring achievements. The stage has so very few inspired interpreters that even her temporary absence is not far removed from tragedy. But it may be that she will remain unshaken in her choice—that she will still leave us wondering what lies behind the mystery of her burning eyes—knowledge, disillusion, pain, pity or defiance?

MARGARET ANGLIN

Star of Canada

CANADA has not yet learned that the practice of scoffing at native artists is no longer fashionable. There are a few Canadians who have made their way in one branch or another of the world of art and who have met with general recognition throughout the Dominion. But in the main the charge of neglect must stand. There are too many proofs to permit of any argument that it is unjustified. The excuse that the population of the country is not sufficiently large to permit of an artist attaining success here is, of course, fatuous, but it is still advanced by many people. What they would say to any rejoinder that artists who have established their claim to recognition beyond any point of doubt find indifference when they come to their native land once more, it is difficult to discern. Yet the spectacle has been witnessed repeatedly during the past forty years of Canadians who have won distinction abroad coming home only to find their own people studiously cold, or unappreciative, or chillingly indifferent to their work.

This attitude cannot but reflect upon the capacity of Canadians to appreciate art in its various

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manifested forms. If our cleverest authors, painters, sculptors, actresses, singers and instrumentalists, after hard work and notable achievement, come back to us and are met with a reception that indicates nothing so clearly as doubt, it is not surprising if they metaphorically shake the dust of Canada from off their feet.

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The case of Margaret Anglin is one of the most striking instances of our neglect of great talent among our own people after that talent has been established and proved in a dozen brilliant ways beyond our own borders. Miss Anglin for many years has been certain of a hearty welcome and intelligent appreciation of her work and art anywhere on the North American continent outside of this Dominion. Yet she is a native of Canada, and has always held her own country in affection. She has won the plaudits of the Australian theatre-going public. (And in this connection it may well be noted that Australia, with a much small population, shows a very much keener appreciation of good drama than we do in this country.)

Miss Anglin is popular, personally. She has many friends here, and of Montreal, where she spent her girlhood and was educated, she retains many vivid recollections, and has renewed many school-day friendships on her all too rare visits to that city. New

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York has always loved her. Boston has delighted in her art. California has given her tempestuous welcome when she has appeared in Greek tragedy in the magnificent open-air theatre at Berkeley. Only Canada could never be bothered to attend the theatre to see her. The fact is inexplicable,—painfully so. It is an unpleasant reflection upon Canadian taste and judgment.

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For Margaret Anglin has been a brilliant actress. I say that advisedly. It is not merely an expression of my own opinion. It is also the opinion held by the greater number of the most experienced dramatic critics on this continent; and it is endorsed by many of the most experienced artists on the English-speaking stage. Some have preferred her best in comedy; others in tragedy. But of her brilliance all have been convinced, and to her versatility all have borne testimony,—a testimony won by hard and unrelenting study, painstaking effort, indefatigable devotion to her art, and a courage that survived many disappointments and triumphed over many obstacles.

If Margaret Anglin attained a position of great distinction on the stage, she has had Canada to thank for absolutely nothing. This country never gave her the slightest encouragement; it has never even given her the satisfaction of a general recognition of her success. She triumphed in spite of all that. The

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fact is one that may well give Canadians who claim to be devoted to the advancement of art cause for serious thought.

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The story of Miss Anglin's career affords the best possible refutation of the oft-repeated calumny that success on the stage cannot be achieved by legitimate means. Her success was won by merit only, without the aid of influence or of any extraneous favourable circumstances. She worked every bit of the way up the ladder, and she attained success because real merit cannot be kept down in the theatre, if the artist has perseverance.

Whether it is lucky to be born in a building devoted to the passage of a country's laws is a moot point, but Miss Anglin enjoys the unique distinction of having been the only Canadian ever born in the Houses of Parliament in Ottawa. Her father was Speaker of the House in 1879, and her arrival was the occasion for a great deal of good-natured celebration around the quarters of Mr. Speaker. She was educated in a Montreal convent, and on the occasion of her last professional visit to Montreal, in 1914, she paid a visit to her old school and renewed acquaintance with some of the nuns still there. When and why she made up her mind to be an actress, I have never been able to ascertain, but she admits that the idea was present from her earliest recollection.

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She went straight from the convent to the Empire Dramatic School in New York, then run in connection with the Empire Theatre, and after a very brief period of study there she was fortunate in attracting the attention of the late Charles Frohman. It was the custom of the school to give performances from time to time which were largely attended by the prominent producers of the day in search of promising new material. Mr. Frohman, a keen judge of latent talent, made no mistake when he offered a girl of eighteen, with but a few months of dramatic study to her credit, the role of Madeleine West in his touring production of "Shenandoah". She jumped at the chance, and so began a career which was to see a wide variety of work and an equally varied succession of triumphs—on the stage of the old Academy of Music in New York, 1894.

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That was the beginning,—an auspicious one for a young student, but also one that put her on her mettle and was in the nature of a severe and trying test. Miss Anglin was fortunate in her early years in that she served under several exacting taskmasters, all of them men of wide knowledge and unquestioned talent, whose companies proved valuable schools of experience for the young and ambitious artist. For Miss Anglin was ambitious, though she never seems to have entertained any foolish ideas about a sudden rise to

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fame over-night. That sort of thing generally takes place on the screen—and at Hollywood.

James O'Neill gave her the first Shakespearean role she ever played—Ophelia, at twenty, and then Virginia. She was in E. H. Sothern's company also; and then the keen-eyed Richard Mansfield engaged her for the part of Roxane in his production of "Cyrano de Bergerac", which will still be recalled by many as one of the notable artistic triumphs of the 'nineties in New York.

Five years after Frohman had picked her out for the Shenandoah part she returned to his banner, this time as leading lady in his stock company at the Empire Theatre,—an organization which did a notable service to dramatic art in America and through whose ranks many of the most prominent and successful actors and actresses on the American stage passed at one period or another of its existence. Miss Anglin remained at the Empire for four years, and during that time she naturally had a very varied and useful experience in strongly contrasted roles.

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It is a curious fact that even then she was not decided herself as to whether she liked comedy or tragedy best, or in which special *métier* her particular talent found best expression. Henry Miller, with whom she became acquainted in 1903, evidently

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thought highly of her ability in every direction, for with him she appeared in such widely different plays as "The Devil's Disciple", "Camille", "The Aftermath", "The Taming of Helen", and "Cyntina". Her greatest successes were achieved in roles calling for subtle comedy. She had the poise, the keen intelligence to differentiate between obvious methods and refined methods, and a very appealing feminine touch that remained with her throughout her career and has always been one of the charms of her individual art.

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Very wisely, I think, Miss Anglin did not disdain stock engagements. She played in stock in San Francisco, and thus obtained experience in roles such as "The Marriage of Kitty", "The Lady Paramount" (Henry Harland's exquisite comedy), and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray". When she returned to New York it was with a broader art, a wider command of the subtleties of histrionics, and a greater confidence; also, a repertoire which enabled her to discuss terms with producers and managers on a much more satisfactory basis than she would otherwise have been able to do.

Then came the engagement that brought her name most prominently before the theatre-going public of America and gave her national fame — that of Ruth Jordan in "The Great Divide". In it

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she renewed her partnership with Henry Miller, and that partnership was destined to bring both of them a very substantial meed of prosperity. A brief engagement with Lena Ashwell, the well-known English actress, in which she and Miss Ashwell alternated the roles of Lady Eastney and Mrs. Dane in "Mrs. Dane's Defense", served still further to enhance her reputation by virtue of the comparison it instituted and the brilliant character of her acting in both roles.

More than a year with "The Great Divide" took Miss Anglin all over the continent in a comprehensive tour, and after creating the role of Helena Ritchie in the play "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie", she made her first venture outside this continent and set sail for Australia, where she was accorded an enthusiastic welcome she had never experienced in her native land, and where she played a highly attractive repertoire and first indulged in her dream to interpret Shakespearean heroines.

It was as Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew", and as Viola in "Twelfth Night", that Miss Anglin first appealed to Australian audiences. Mr. Williamson, the famous Australian impresario, re-reported that her acting revealed a remarkable ability to bring out everything that is most womanly in Shakespeare's heroines, and that her public responded cordially to her appeal.

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Miss Anglin's return from Australia marked the end of one definite phase of her career and the beginning of another, destined to reveal still more vividly the breadth of her artistic range and unplumbed depths in her command of histrionic resources. The Greek theatre had been built at Berkeley, California, and its directors were looking round for an actress to interpret classic roles from Greek drama on the occasion of its opening. When their choice fell upon Margaret Anglin, it is an impressive tribute to her talent that no dissenting voice was raised in the ranks of her own profession. There were other actresses with wider experience and equal gifts available, but she combined with experience and talent an indefinable quality of poise and of vocal resource that seemed to mark her as pre-eminently qualified to portray the ill-fated heroines of Greek tragedy to American youth.

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Those who have seen Miss Anglin since then at Berkeley will agree with me that for any actress to undertake the task of presenting Greek drama in that vast auditorium, in the open air, under conditions as nearly as possible approximating to those which obtained in the days of Sophocles, was a very daring, courageous thing to do, making tremendous demands upon physical and imaginative qualities and challenging to the utmost the very limits of her ar-

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tistic equipment. Yet Miss Anglin did it again and again with emphatic and unqualified success. She was the reverse of declamatory in her methods. Some people considered her too restrained in her reading of Greek tragedy. But always the quality of authority was there, the quality of inspiration, of an under-current of passion held in reserve, that lent to her portraits of the Greek heroines a tremendous value of tragedy and an irresistible human appeal. And it was in this human appeal that the basic secret of her success lay.

Whether as *Antigone*, as *Medea*, as *Phaedre*, as *Electra*, or as *Clytemnaestra*, Miss Anglin made the role stand out with a sombre strength, a vivid, startling, arresting dominance, a sheer beauty of tragic magnetism that silenced all minor criticisms. That the figure of one woman should be able to hold the attention of thousands in a tremendous open air auditorium for three hours is a remarkable tribute to that woman's genius, to her great and commanding gifts.

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Miss Anglin seems to have alternated—whether by accident or design, I am unable to say, for I have never discussed that point with her,—comedy and tragedy in her work, for from the *Antigone* of Sophocles to *Barbara Milne* in “*The Rival*”, and the

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delicious romantic comedy of "Green Stockings", is a very far cry indeed.

And that brings me to a problem I have not yet solved to my satisfaction,—what is Margaret Anglin in reality, comedienne, tragedienne, or both? I have seen her in comedy; I have seen her in tragedy; and I confess I am at a loss to say in which she impressed me as accomplishing the most distinctive artistic performance. Perhaps, all things considered, there was a slight balance in favour of comedy. Her Viola was an adorable figure of the most fragrant romantic quality. Her Rosalind was the very spirit of Romance walking in the Arden forest paths, pure woman, and pure fascination all through. Yet her Cleopatra was of the very essence of tragedy, a figure so fraught with the atmosphere of impending doom one hesitates to say the woman who could thus portray her was a better comedienne than she was an interpreter of the spirit of tragedy in drama.

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It is a very rare thing in the theatre to find an instance such as Miss Anglin's work presents of so evenly balanced an art. Her greatest satisfaction has been in playing Shakespeare, but the responsibilities involved in the presentation of a Shakespearian repertoire almost broke her down in 1914, and she never assumed them again.

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When she appeared in Canada in January, 1914, she was worn out by the heavy strain of a long season of management on tour, and the perfectly abominable weather that prevailed, which prevented many people from braving the elements, tended still further to act as a depressing influence. Yet she gave such memorable performances of Shakespeare as none who saw them will willingly forget.

She was the pioneer of the new style of mounting and setting Shakespeare, as exemplified in the noble scenery of Livingston Platt, with its dependence on rhythm of line and of lighting subtleties. Moreover, she was a great stickler for the text. She would tolerate no trifling with Shakespeare or the Greeks. She retained, as far as possible, the textual exactitude and the original sequence of scenes. She absolutely refused to "star" anybody in the cast. She preserved the true Shakespearean balance; and she emphasized, as no other individual Shakespearean interpreter has emphasized them here on this continent, the beauty of Shakespeare's comedy roles and the essential fragrance of romance embodied in his comedy heroines.

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Margaret Anglin brought to bear upon all her work at all times the keen intelligence of a woman who did much thinking on her own account. She was a close student, a woman of strong character, of authoritative but quiet personality, of rare distinction

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in style, and of unfailing personal charm. Her voice was, and still is, a wonderful organ, alike in its range, its timbre and its capacity for delicate nuances of expression. Happily married into a noted family of actors, she has led a life of retirement when away from the stage. I believe that if she could ever have flung off for a brief space the atmosphere of ultra-refinement that surrounds her, she might have achieved the greatest artistic triumph of her life. But that is only an impression. She has done much notable work; she has brought distinction to her art and fame to her name; and she is an artiste of whom Canada ought to be more than proud.

PAT CAMPBELL

A Stormy Genius

AMONG the many fascinating records of the English stage, that of Mrs. Patrick Campbell is one of the most remarkable, alike for its colour, its variety, its strange quality of emotionalism, and its quite un-English atmosphere of passionate imagination. For over forty years this intensely temperamental actress has been on the stage. For more than thirty of those years she has enjoyed a reputation as one of the greatest of English emotional actresses.

She has played more parts than she cares to count. She has been associated with the greatest artists of her time and generation; she has enjoyed triumphs innumerable on both sides of the Atlantic; she has been the storm centre of numerous bitterly debated arguments; she has enjoyed, and still retains, the friendship of some of the most famous men of letters of the day; she has failed often; and she has suffered much.

And with it all she has managed, in some mysterious way, to retain a good deal of the spirit of youth in her outlook upon life, in her attitude towards humanity, in her enthusiasms. She is proud

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of the fact that she was a grandmother at an unusually early age. She is still an actress of distinction, and her astonishingly wide experience commands for her interpretative work both attention and respect.

More than that, Mrs. Pat, as she is known to her intimates, has always been a woman who made and kept warm friendships, and there is a very real and deep affection for her on the part of the English theatregoer,—for her courage, her devotion to her art, her high spirits, her achievements. They even love her faults, for these faults are faults of temperament, not of character, and Mrs. Pat is loved by many who do not believe she is a great actress,—who think she has just missed achieving greatness.

I think most of those who love her look upon her as something of a spoiled child still. She has always had a peculiarly unconscious faculty of commanding sympathy. And she has always been extraordinarily candid and outspoken,—startlingly and most disconcertingly so, at times. Even her failures have been picturesque. And her exotic personality, her tousled hair, her wide, alluring eyes, her curiously confidential gestures, her spirit, and the indestructible fire that has flamed within her throughout her career, have made her a figure of unfailing and arresting interest both in her native land and on this continent.

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To understand the secret of her successes, her failures, and her position among her fellow-artists, it is necessary to know something of her life, her upbringing and her antecedents, for if ever heredity played a part in life, it did in her case. Beatrice Stella Campbell was born in London, the daughter of a love-match between a youth of twenty-one, who could not speak a word of Italian, and an Italian girl of seventeen, who could not speak a word of English, and who was the daughter of a circus proprietor.

The young couple loved dearly, but found life strenuous with very uncertain financial resources. Indeed, the child's early recollections were of these same financial troubles, which seemed to be ever present. When she was fifteen she was sent to an aunt in Paris to live. Here her passion for beauty, for grace, for distinction—the inheritance from her Italian mother—found full indulgence, and she grew up a slim, long-legged, graceful girl, eagerly devouring everything she could find in the shape of books, passionately devoted to music, and in love with romance. What wonder, then, that when she returned to England to find her father ruined, she turned to music and literature for compensation and speedily found herself in the toils of love when she met young Patrick Campbell, two or three years older than herself—she was then only seventeen—handsome, charming, practically penniless—and consumptive!

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And what was more natural under the circumstances than that an impetuous, passionate, emotional girl as she was then should at once marry the consumptive youth on less than a hundred a year? That is what they do in the real romances, and that is what Beatrice Stella did.

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In three years she had two children, after which her youthful husband, whose health had gradually grown worse, was ordered away for a long sea voyage. He was compelled to leave his girl-wife, and from that time on for six and a half years she was left alone to fight her way and earn her living and support her little ones. With little or no money coming from her husband, whose letters during that period reveal a strangely naive nature, compact of hopeless despair and unreasoning optimism, she had no recourse but work. She turned naturally to the stage, for which she had always had a longing and a love. And she began inauspiciously enough by touring at the magnificent salary of \$11.50 a week.

Then she joined the Bandmann-Palmer Company, at that time in the height of its cheap popularity. Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer did not like her, because Beatrice Stella was "very young, ridiculously thin, and fragile-looking", as she declares herself; whereas Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer was "stout, strong, and middle-aged".

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But it was a beginning, and it led her to a Shakespeare tour with Ben Greet, and then to a London opening in "The Trumpet Call", a strenuous melodrama in which she made a genuine sensation,—so much so that Mrs. Alexander, later Lady Alexander, who saw her, persuaded her husband to engage Pat Campbell to play the role of Paula Tanqueray in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray". Mrs. Alexander's judgment was justified. With the creation of Paula Tanqueray the career of Pat Campbell began. Her portrayal of that role electrified staid London, thrilled all who saw it, set all England talking about her, and made her famous almost overnight. It reads like a novel, but it is the simple truth.

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What a career she has had since then! With Alexander, with Tree, with Forbes-Robertson, with Bernhardt,—in Shakespeare, Pinero, Ibsen, Echeg-
eray, Maeterlinck, Shaw; role after role, over two continents, until her slim figure was as well known as that of any other actress, save only Bernhardt herself. I have said she met with failure. From time to time she essayed parts for which she was not fitted, either personally, temperamentally, or mentally. But she generally had the good sense to realize the fact as quickly as her critics, if not before them.

She took her art seriously at all times. But a naive impatience of either discipline or advice at the

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outset of her career made it difficult at times for her best friends to help her, and she had perforce to learn in that most painful but most effective of all schools—Experience.

At her best, she was one of the finest emotional actresses England produced in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Her voice, of a remarkable timbre, slim like her body, suggesting, in soft, caressing passages, a fountain rising and falling in moonlight, and searching the heart with its penetrating feminine stab in passages of great stress or declamatory denunciation or frenzied appeal, invariably held her audience.

She could thrill her audience with an entry, an exit, or a tense pose. She could convey varying emotions by sheer bodily speech,—and here she studied Bernhardt closely,—by the droop of her shoulders, by bent head and huddled knees, by outflung arm or tense-clenched hand. But she never made the mistake of relying too much upon sheer externals. She cultivated an intensely individual style of utterance,—almost as characteristic of the woman as Irving's sharp-clipped enunciation was of the man.

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She was at her best, and she achieved her greatest triumph as an actress, in such roles as that of Melisande. Her Melisande to Martin-Harvey's Pelleas was hailed as one of the loveliest impersonations the

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modern English stage has known. She was at heart a poet, and all through her life she has preserved a quality of almost childlike ingenuousness and a winsomely wistful charm that have stood her in great stead. Edmund Gosse, no mean critic of the theatre, said of her that alone on a modern stage she could interpret the flash and gloom, the swirl and eddy of a soul torn by supposed intellectual emotion. That was what lifted her Paula Tanqueray up to the heights of emotional expression.

She has been a storm-centre on many occasions, for many reasons. When Shaw wrote letters to her which were afterwards made public, she was envied. When he and other prominent men of letters praised her, jealousy that had long been smouldering became loudly vocal. She has been slandered, belittled, condemned; but she has fought her way through it all, keeping her spirit high and her capacity for illusion youthful. And the flame that burns within her, as it did in Bernhardt and in Duse, has kept her free to attempt and to achieve.

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Her life has seen much sadness, and not a little bitterness. But she has come to the quiet waters safely. And the little country cottage that she loves so well, with "a yellow jasmine and a white jasmine and two pear trees", houses a woman who can smile at the world out of wide eyes that still hold something

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of the vision of youth. "An old-fashioned child," Shaw called her once. Well, a lot of people would love to hear themselves called that towards the close of a great and brilliant career. To grow towards old age gracefully is a fine art. Mrs. Pat Campbell has mastered it once and for all.

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"Quand-Même"

IT is the fate of most great artists to suffer from the judgment of posterity. Apart entirely from the popular game of smashing idols, time brings revelations which contemporary criticism never imagined, and often enough places new and strangely disconcerting interpretations upon both reputations and accomplishments. Only to a few is it given to grow in greatness with the passage of years. Among them surely Sarah Bernhardt will be numbered. She was the last of a long line of famous actresses who have shed the glory of their genius upon the French stage. She was the greatest,—admittedly the greatest—exponent of an art of sheer, frank theatrics which is no longer admired, but which she so transformed and illuminated by the fire of her genius that it was all beauty and illusion. To her was given, as to no other actress of our time, a voice of such golden glory as transcended all human limitations. She possessed an apparently inexhaustible store of fascination. The greatest playwrights of her day wrote their dramas specially for her. Her audience was the entire civilized theatre-going world.

For long years it seemed almost as if Time had passed her by, merely pausing to touch her brow

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with a tender caress. She was something distinct, apart, unique, a veritable darling of the gods. She enjoyed such a passionate devotion from her adopted nation as no other actress had ever aroused. The Anglo-Saxon world loved her and acclaimed her. Indeed, London gave her greater gifts of loyalty than did France, at one critical period of her career. And this outpouring of personal and national affection she repaid royally, as was her way, never sparing herself, always giving the best that was in her, always working herself to the utmost limit of human endurance. And when the day came, so long delayed, when the inexorable shadows began to close about her, and the claims of nature would no longer endure her fierce defiance, the world still declared her great, still gave her of its love and loyalty and admiration. No woman ever enjoyed such world-wide homage upon the modern stage. None, be very sure, ever did more to deserve it.

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It was my privilege to have known her intimately for many years, to have talked with her on many occasions about many things, and to have been admitted into her confidence from time to time, and to have experienced the strength of her personal friendship and the worth of her all-generous nature. I have seen her in literally scores of roles; I have known her when she was in a furious rage; I have

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seen her weep over a handful of violets sent by a little child; I have seen her fling away a magnificent bouquet of orchids which bore a name she held in contempt. I have known something of her private troubles, with which she never burdened the world. And I have known, too, the depth and the wonder of that maternal passion which was showered in such prodigal lavishness upon an unresponsive and often ungrateful heart.

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She was an actress by the grace of God. She was a woman of the most profound intensity of feeling, the most amazing loyalty, the most inspiring faith. "Madame Sarah", her company called her, and she was Madame Sarah to them all in a hundred different ways. A woman of capricious temper and almost ungovernable passion when her anger was aroused, she would flame up like a volcano, but the flame died as swiftly as it rose. Her tenderness with young people was one of the most beautiful things in her life. That, and her all-consuming, all-passionate love for France, were the two dominating qualities in her nature. Her love of the theatre and the drama was a thing apart. She would never speak of that to any casual acquaintance. It was something to her as sacred as a trust enjoined by dying lips. But to watch her with young girls around her, or to see her eyes light when the Tricolor was waved and the thrilling

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music of the Marseillaise broke upon the air, was to understand for the first time what infinite tenderness and infinite pride her indomitable soul held.

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She alone, of all the actresses of our time, could indulge in sheer rhetoric without danger of losing emotional values. Only one other woman of her time, Eleanora Duse,—a greater actress even than Bernhardt, but an actress of diametrically opposite methods,—could command at will from audiences that silence which is too deep for tears. These two, years ago, had won their respective places among the Immortals. To them alone the crown of bays. Both had known the bitterest suffering. Both had learned life in the cruellest and most exacting school—Experience. Both lived in a world no smaller soul could enter. But Bernhardt opened her heart to the multitude. Duse stood apart, impassive, implacable, serene, enwrapped in her own solitude of soul, and seeking comradeship from silence, while Bernhardt literally basked in the sunshine of the world's smiles.

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Her love of flowers was remarkable. Roses she would bury her head in, bowing over their beauty, drinking in their fragrance, and shedding tears unshamed upon their fleeting loveliness. Her garden at Belle Isle was full of the rarest and most exquisite

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varieties. She loved to have lilies about her. She adored their warm scent. She drew inspiration from their fragile texture, and it was almost as if she passed into the throes of an unknown passion when she held them close to her with a convulsive caress. So with her love of young people. She did not accept their adoration as a gift to be carelessly taken and flung aside. She took it as a gift inexpressibly precious. And she would spend more time instructing a novice from the vast resources of her incomparable art than she ever expended upon advice to grown-up artists who often needed it just as sorely.

Her generosity was little short of appalling. She was the most reckless woman I have ever known, where money was concerned. She loved it for what she could do with it in giving pleasure to others. No actress in the world's history ever made the fortunes she made and squandered with such a reckless hand. She earned millions. She died so poor that the City of Paris had to pay for her funeral. She made thousands of aching hearts glad, she lifted the burden from thousands of suffering souls, and the prayers of those thousands, we may well believe, must, if there be such virtue in prayer as King Arthur held, have smoothed her path to whatever Paradise is reserved for those who have given happiness to others in this life.

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Nobody appealed to her in vain. Often enough she was deceived. Often enough her largesse was misapplied. But it made no difference. She spent so long as she had money to spend, with a hand that never knew the touch of restraint, and what she gave, she gave with a heart overflowing with sympathy for those less fortunate than she. I have seen her stop her carriage on the Bois de Boulogne to pat a curly-headed street gamin on the head and bring a wondering smile to his eyes as she gave him a coin. I have seen her alight and give up her carriage to two old ladies in shabby black dresses who had stopped to drop an old-fashioned curtsy to her as she passed. I have seen her shed torrents of tears over a wounded bird, and I have heard her pour a flood of the most appalling invective with all the terrible wrath at her command on the head of a callous man abusing his horse. She could swear more fluently than any apache. She could overwhelm a child with such a wealth of caressing endearments as would melt the heart of a graven image.

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One thing she preached, through all the long and glorious years of her brilliant career, through all the darkening years of her slow decline. That thing was Patriotism. In her the flame of Patriotism burned passionate and clear. France was to her a mistress beloved above all the world beside. To France she

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gave her genius. For France she would have died a hundred deaths. In France her greatest triumphs were achieved. And to the kindly mother-earth of France her mortal remains were at the last committed. She would sleep soundly in the bosom of the land she adored, this weary daughter of all passions and all love. For France can never, never forget how Bernhardt served her in her hour of trial.

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How terrible was her hatred of France's enemies! I recall, as vividly as if it were yesterday, her utterance of that awful poem of Louis Payen's, "*Prière pour nos Ennemis*", with its appalling inversion of the Prayer upon the Cross:—"Father, do not forgive them, for they know well what they do!" She was past seventy then, but for those few minutes it seemed as if the shadow of the years had rolled away and the flaming, burning Bernhardt of old lay at the foot of the broken forest tree in "*Du Theatre au Champs d'Honneur*". All the old tenseness, all the old flaring, overwhelming passion, was in her voice as she literally flung the words, half-chokingly, from her throat, tore and tortured them in a whirlwind of blind rage that swept her very soul dry of all human compassion. It was the soul of one of the greatest and most passionate of nations crying aloud for ven-

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geance upon those who had done it irreparable wrong.

In her quieter moods she was a woman who laid a spell upon those closest to her heart. She commanded devotion because she gave it with both hands. There was no trace of meanness in her disposition. She could be angry with her enemies; she could be contemptuous towards her detractors; she could be furious towards those who did her injury; but she was never mean. Here was a splendid spirit, marching breast-forward to meet whatever fate held in store. She was not a religious woman in the ordinary acceptance of the term. But I have known few women who, without ostentation, without deliberate parade, exemplified more tenderly towards unfortunates the all-comprehending sympathy of the true Christian creed. That, perhaps, explains why most women worshipped her, on the stage and off. In this at least she was worthy of their tribute.

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It was a sad day for France when this woman, so long the object of a world's devotion, passed for ever from the scene. She had fought a wonderful fight for years against her enemy, Death,—fought with a quiet courage, a steadfast heroism, one could not but admire. The fire of life burned within her a steady flame, and many a time during her later years—so she told me on the occasion of her last visit here

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—she played while suffering intense physical agony. But nobody ever knew it.

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For nearly sixty years she heard the acclaim of the multitudes. When she made her first appearance at the age of seventeen in "Iphigénie", at the Théâtre Français in 1862, the audience shrieked with laughter as she lifted her pitifully thin arms above her head. But no audience ever laughed after that. She held the world's stage in her hand. She won honours by the score. She was the honoured guest and friend of the great ones of the earth. She left behind her undying memories. And even when the quick and flashing vision of her genius, the vital magnetism of her all-embracing art, the mellow glory of that *voix d'or* which could compel to laughter or to tears have all faded, there will still remain the imperishable recollection of a great, strenuous, unconquerable soul, of a mind that transcended earth's little things, of a woman who cherished the beauty of life in her heart, of a figure in which the flame of life burned, splendid and passionate, at once a marvel, a mystery, a defiance. "Quand-Même" (In spite of all) was the motto she chose in life. Inseparably associated with her name, those words are engraved for ever upon the stage her splendid genius so long adorned.

ELEONORA DUSE

The Mystic Flame

IF I were asked to name the most strangely interesting figure in the theatrical world of our time, my answer would certainly be, Eleonora Duse. Even while Bernhardt was alive, Duse shared with her the distinction of unchallenged supremacy in a chosen field of art. Each actress was unexcelled in her own peculiar métier. There were and there are many who held and still hold the Italian the greater actress of the two. I certainly consider her to have been the greater artiste.

Eleonora Duse stood at the supreme head of her profession, with but one exponent of the drama within measurable range. She was great because she possessed within her soul the elements of greatness. She was an actress because she was born of acting parents and gravitated into the theatre because the art of acting provided her with greater opportunities for self-expression than any other art could possibly have done,—because she found in it inspiration and passion and light, and because her soul, which could not live without beauty, found in the drama a form of beauty upon which it could feed and grow.

ELEONORA DUSE

It is possible to gain at least a key to the minds of most artists by a consideration of their careers. But the mind of Duse was always a close-shut' shrine. About her was an aura of Sphinx-like mystery, and only at rare climaxes of exultation, of ecstasy, of passion, did the real soul of the woman shine out with a blinding light for a few fleeting moments. It was my privilege to know her for many years, and although I did not see her after her retirement from the stage, I kept in touch with her life in so far as it brought her in contact with the world from time to time during those strange years of self-repression and retreat, and I was, perhaps, brought more closely than many into contact with some of the momentous influences in her career—sufficiently so, at any rate, to understand something of the primeval forces that swayed her, of the strange contradictions that found expression through her genius, and of the passionate love of art in all forms that forced her, a solitary and flame-like figure, to attain perfection from sheer disdain to be other than perfect.

Fate made Eleonora an actress when it pitched her at the age of four on to the stage as Cosette in a second-rate Italian dramatization of "Les Misérables". Her father, Allesandro Duse, was an admittedly bad actor and later he became an equally bad copyist of pictures. Most of the Duses, and she had scores of relatives, were actors and actresses, but only one of

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them, her grandfather, Luigi, attained any measure of distinction, he winning fame for his vigorous interpretation of Venetian dialect roles. It is significantly characteristic of the passion for beauty that was to fill her later career, that, on the occasion of her first genuine success in the theatre, when she played Juliet in Verona, Eleonora, then fourteen, decked the part with roses upon which she had expended all her little savings. There is, if memory serves me rightly, a beautiful description of this same Juliet (significant also) in D'Annunzio's novel, "If Fuoco".

Flowers were with her, as with Bernhardt, a passion and a pride throughout her life. Wherever possible, she dressed her role with flowers and she invariably made the most of any flower motif a role might offer, as in "La Dame aux Camélias", "La Femme de Claude", "Gioconda", and "Magda". She went even farther and introduced a flower motif where none existed, as in the first act of "Hedda Gabler". But although she played almost continuously from early childhood until her retirement in 1906, it was not until her twentieth year that Eleonora Duse tasted the real sweets of public acclaim. Then, in the Florentine Theatre at Naples, she electrified her public by her interpretation of "Thérèse Raquin", and in the same year she duplicated this sensation in "La Princesse de Bagdad". Her name

ELEONORA DUSE

became widely known, and within three years she had been engaged by Caesare Rossi, the greatest Italian actor of his day, to play leading roles with his company.

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From that time her success was assured. She started, in "Frou Frou", and "La Dame aux Camélias", a series of triumphant impersonations of womanhood upon the stage which, in their perfection of sculpture, their supreme beauty of emotional expression, their absolute mastery of all forms of theatrics and subordination of histrionic technique to art, have had no parallel in the history of modern drama. From 1887 until 1906, nearly twenty years, the marvel of her acting grew and the wonder of her art increased. Wherever she went, she created a furore. It was the same in Milan, in Berlin, in America, in London. Her appearance on the stage drew the keenest students, the greatest critics and the most prominent artists of the day. Although she never played in any but her own language, and although in many cases her audience could not understand what she was saying, yet so great was her art, and so vividly did she interpret the soul of every woman she portrayed upon the stage, that they were entranced every moment she stood before them.

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It is one of the strangest paradoxes of theatrical history that a woman like Duse, who began her career as one of the most demonstrative and passionate of actresses, should by slow, almost imperceptible degrees, have developed into the archpriestess of plastic art in acting. The Duse of those earlier years literally revelled in the portrayal of anger, hatred, fury, jealousy, contempt, dissimulation, abjectness, suffering and death. These emotions seemed to be far better suited to her astounding artistic temperament than the more tranquil emotions of sadness, tenderness, sincerity, resignation or grief. But in later years, by methods almost the reverse of those which first won her popularity and fame, she succeeded in portraying the whole gamut of human emotions with a power, a pathos, and an intensity the most unrestrained moments of her earlier days had never known.

What is the explanation of this strange metamorphosis, this apparently complete reversal of method of artistic interpretation? Duse never told anybody. She always declared that it was her own secret and that it did not concern the world. That she literally hated her art is true beyond any doubt; but she hated it because of its mockery. She would have destroyed the theatre of her day that upon its ruins might be built up a theatre for to-morrow,—a theatre of beauty in place of ugliness, inspiration in place of

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degradation, truth in place of shame and lies. How her burning words come back to one, recalling all their searing force and the literal passion of sleepless hatred with which she uttered them:—

“To save the theatre, the theatre must be destroyed, the actors and actresses must all die of the plague. They poison the air, they make art impossible. It is not drama that they play, but pieces for the theatre.”

And again, while discussing her own efforts through her own career:—

“I have tried, I have failed. I am condemned to play Sardou and Pinero. Some day another woman will come, young, beautiful, a being all fire and flame, and will do what I have dreamed; yes, I am sure of it; it will come, but I am tired, at my age I cannot begin over again.”

Remember, Duse said this more than twenty years ago. She never dreamed then, so far as is known, of returning to the stage. The current of her life had been dammed, had risen and overflowed its banks. She had been shaken to her inmost core by treachery where she had every reason to count upon loyalty from Gabriele d’Annunzio, who owes to her all he is to-day, and in exchange for a recklessly unselfish devotion she had been given but the ashes of a burned-out fire. Perhaps it was this she had in mind when she hinted that the secret of her success in an

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art she loathed was to be found in sorrow, discontent, thwarted desires, that had tortured her and exalted her into a sort of martyrdom of artistic mastery, on the other side of which, as Arthur Symons so poignantly says, the serenity of a pained but indomitable soul triumphed.

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Whatever the secret may have been, she guarded it to her death. And she remained the sphinx-like and impenetrable genius whose mastery of her art was measured by her mastery of her own soul, her mastery of herself, her control of every faculty and channel of expression, both physical and mental, her astounding and inexplicable ability to perform the sculpture of the mind upon the body,—a form of artistic expression no other actress of our time, perhaps no actress of any other time, has ever accomplished as she did.

I have seen her as Marguerite, as Fedora, as Nora, as La Locandiera, as La Tosca, as Francesca, as Hedda Gabler, as Cleopatra, as Magda, as Cyprienne, as Gioconda, as Paula Tanqueray, as Desdemona, and in other roles I do not precisely remember, but of which momentary memories of extraordinary vividness remain. And I can recall the actual magnetism of her acting in nearly every one of these roles, so great was the influence she exerted upon her audience and so potent the spell her genius cast.

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It seems incredible that such an actress should have come to Canada, played here, gone away, almost unnoticed, and have achieved the most colossal failure the Canadian theatre has known, so far as revenue is concerned. Yet the sad fact remains. I have often wondered what the thoughts of the greatest tragic actress of the age were as she was carried swiftly back to Italy after her futile appeal to a public which failed to understand her genius.

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Duse has been called many flattering names. One phrase perhaps which remains in the memory more vividly than the others is "Duse di belli mani". The words are taken from D'Annunzio's dedication of "Gioconda"; but while they serve to explain why he wrote the play, they also pay tribute to hands that were eloquent even when motionless, and at ease, hands which, employed in the slightest gesture, became the interpreters, at once significant and adequate, of mood, of thought, and of emotion. And it was, perhaps, in a part like *Gioconda* or *Marguerite Gauthier*, rather than like *Hedda Gabler* or "The Lady from the Sea", that the marvellous command of Duse over visible expression of emotion was most poignantly demonstrated.

I doubt whether any actress of our time possessed so great a faculty for the expression, by look or by gesture, of feelings of the most diverse descrip-

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tion as Eleanora Duse. She could reflect upon her face the most subtle feeling, and her pantomime always was superb.

But there was more than mastery over, and the most rapid changes of, emotional expression without any obvious effort. She appeared to possess the power to mould her features to every subtle shade of mere external medium. There was that particular quality, always an intangible and elusive factor, which lifted her acting to the plane of greatness and enabled her to transform whatever role she was playing into the highest and noblest specimen of womanhood. Perhaps this also explains why, when you first saw Eleonora Duse in any role, you gained the inevitable impression that you were seeing that particular character fully interpreted for the first time, and that you were also seeing it played to a totally new inspiration.

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She was at her best, paradoxically enough, in moments of absolute stillness and absolute silence. Her face was just as much a mask for the tragic passions as was the shapeless clay in Rodin's hands. A remarkable instance of this was to be seen in her acting in the scene of "La Dame aux Camelias", when Armand's father pleads with Marguerite to give up her lover for the sake of her love.

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As she sat quietly at the table, listening, saying nothing, thinking, with an expression of melancholy that was weighed down with sadness, you could see that she was debating the question in her mind, conquering her passion, nerving herself to make the great decision. The actual outline of her face was motionless, set firm, held immobile, as it were, by taut muscular energy; but within the emotionless outline there was accomplished the marvel of mental sculpture upon the flesh. Expression after expression swept over her face, and each was complete, each was a thought mirrored, each was a distinct emotional crisis met and passed.

Bernhardt, with perfect precision, gave to the passing moments their individual significance by vivacious action and gesture. But Duse's, after all, was the greater accomplishment. She was a woman of profoundly subtle nature, and when she expressed that nature most simply and directly in her acting, she was at her subtlest and most impressive. Every passion humanity has known swept over that wistful sphinxlike face; every sorrow woman can conceive was mirrored upon it. She exalted vast audiences with beauty; she thrilled them with terror; she drenched them with tears. And yet there is no living man or woman who can say for a certainty what thoughts were passing behind that impenetrable mask.

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Only this we know: As a child she was ugly and awkward; as a young woman she was touched with the commonplace; in her prime, and even to the last, she was the embodiment of beauty in walk and carriage and gesture; the incarnation of dignity, distinction, and profundity in feature; and her voice held all its wonder of music played on muted strings. When I first saw her, I marvelled that such absolute knowledge of suffering could be combined with such power to lift imagination to the heights. Later, I marvelled no longer. I was content to bow before a genius as noble as it was triumphant over pain.

FORBES - ROBERTSON

The Greatest Hamlet

THERE are periods of seeming stagnation in the evolution of every art, when progress is apparently arrested and whatever movement is noticeable assumes a retrograde direction. Historians have noted them in the world of painting, of literature, of architecture, of sculpture. Close observers cannot have failed to identify a similar series of cycles of stagnation in the story of the drama. We are passing through such a period to-day. Many authorities, eminent and otherwise, have been busy for some time endeavouring to explain it all. They are finding this a difficult task, and their difficulties do not encourage the less dogmatic students of the drama to emulate their efforts. It seems rather more profitable, and decidedly more interesting, to seize the opportunity of looking backwards at the record of the theatre for the last few decades, noting what has been most worthy of remembrance, what influences have proved the most beneficial and the most ennobling, what artists have done most to endow the theatre with beauty, with dignity and with humanity.

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If veteran theatre-goers were to be asked in a plebiscite to name the one outstanding figure of the English stage whose acting they would recall with the keenest pleasure, the most vivid recollection, I imagine the great majority would write the name of Forbes-Robertson, now, in his seventy-sixth year, taking his well-earned rest. And in my opinion they would be right. It is at the same time a strange paradox to be noted that Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson has ever been the least theatrical of English actors; that he has never sought the public eye, has preferred retirement and quietude to the glare of publicity's spotlight and prominence in the eternal paragraph. The explanation lies in the fact that he has always held his art in the highest esteem, has never stooped to anything by which its dignity and its estate could be lowered or cheapened, and has been for many years to unnumbered thousands of theatregoers the arch-priest of all that was finest, most uplifting, most inspiring, in drama on the English stage.

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Johnston Forbes-Robertson was fortune in nature's endowments. The son of a famous art critic and journalist of his day, John Forbes-Robertson, of Aberdeen, he enjoyed the advantages of a Charter-house education, and from his youth he was constantly in the company of many of the most influential figures in the world of art and literature. Like

many another man who has eventually attained to the highest achievement in a distinctive branch of art, he had no original intention of becoming an actor. His preference and his talents, it seemed, lay towards painting. He was admitted as a student to the Royal Academy when seventeen years of age. But the lure of the stage drew him, fascinated him, held him. He had the tremendous benefit of instruction in the art of elocution from Samuel Phelps, one of the very greatest masters of that art England has ever known. His slender, graceful, romantic physique, his wonderfully musical voice, his beauty of feature, his irresistible charm of manner, all marked him for distinction. And although he has never ceased to take a deep interest in painting and has, in fact, done a great deal of it as recreation over a period of many years, yet it was to the stage that he turned in his early youth; it was the stage that claimed him; it was to the stage that he devoted all his earnestness, his passionate sincerity, his instinctive artistry, and his genius for visualizing beauty in utterance; and it was upon the stage that he was destined to achieve such triumphs as have rarely fallen to the lot of any English actor.

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His life has been cast in easy places. He has never known the stress and worry and struggle that many of his less fortunate contemporaries have had to face

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and conquer. The ugly things of life have passed him by. He has seen them; he has never had to fight them. But this freedom from the sordid side of existence has never meant freedom from hard work. Forbes-Robertson has been an indefatigable worker all his life. Indeed, I doubt if any actor of the Victorian era ever worked harder. For this man has always held before him the very loftiest of ideals. He has rarely been satisfied. He has always striven to achieve something more than was apparent at first sight. And the fact that he has in such large measure attained his quest has been due quite as much to his indefatigable efforts and his indomitable spirit as to his innate genius and his natural gifts.

The mere record of his career upon the stage, if set down here, would read like a list of all the most popular dramas of the past half-century. He has played literally hundreds of parts, and it is a matter of simple fact that he played few of them without distinction. He has been associated with nearly every notable actor and actress of his day. He has played every conceivable sort of role, from lightest comedy to deepest tragedy, from sheer melodrama to whimsical phantasy. He was twenty-one when he made his first appearance on the stage as Chastelard in "Mary Queen of Scots", one of Wills's characteristic dreams of royalty. He was sixty-three when he made his last professional appearance in the role

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with which his name will be associated so long as the name of Shakespeare is revered in English drama, and the curtain of Harvard University theatre rang down upon the greatest Hamlet the modern stage has known.

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The years between constitute an encyclopaedia of English drama. The story of Forbes-Robertson is pre-eminently the story of the contemporary English stage. He was still in his twenty-second year when he appeared with Ellen Terry in "The Wandering Heir", on the occasion of her return to the stage after her second retirement. He has had the good fortune to be almost always associated with brilliant artists whose reputations and achievements are landmarks in the splendid story of England's drama. Consider these names, for example:—Samuel Phelps, Charles Calvert, the Bancrofts, Genevieve Ward, Wilson Barrett, Madame Modjeska, Henry Irving, Mary Anderson, John Hare, Kate Rorke, Mrs. Patrick Campbell. It was a great thing for Forbes-Robertson all through his career, but he never basked in the false light of reflected glory. His progress in his art was steady, visible, certain. It was a gradual broadening, a steadfast advance, a studious mastery of technique, of theatrical mechanics, of externals, contemporaneously with as steadfast and as certain

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a mastery of the deeper subtleties, the higher refinements, the touches that are inspiration and the trifles that spell genius.

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I first saw him in Sir Henry (then plain Mr.) Irving's company. He had had a sound grounding in Shakespeare before then, but it was his association with the Bancrofts that first gave him his real opportunity to test his versatility, sound his depths, and find himself. And his tours with Mary Anderson, that lovely and gifted American actress, by whose retirement on the occasion of her marriage in 1890, at the age of thirty-one, the English stage lost one of its most beautiful and brilliant interpreters, afforded him additional scope to develop his art and strengthen his technical equipment. His first visit to this continent was in 1885, when he played Orlando in New York. But neither on that occasion nor on his two succeeding visits, in 1891 and in 1903, did he come to Canada. That event came long after his successful entry into London management, which took place in 1895, when his brilliant artistic partnership with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, then at the very height of her career, began.

My really vivid recollection of Forbes-Robertson on the stage goes back to his remarkable portrayal of Baron Scarpia in "La Tosca". I shall never forget the impression he created of a man who, despite

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all his evil passions, his baseness, his brutality, was yet a great nobleman and a great courtier. I recall less vividly his Lancelot in Comyns Carr's "King Arthur", with Irving as King. But his Romeo—his first role with Mrs. Patrick Campbell—is still a memory of the perfect passionate youth in love for the first time. It was at this period of his career—from 1890 to 1900—that his art made tremendous strides and that he advanced definitely from the ranks of brilliant promise to those of still more brilliant achievement.

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It was on September 11, 1897, the Diamond Jubilee year, that Forbes-Robertson challenged the verdict of the theatrical world in "Hamlet". He has told me more than once of the long and arduous study he brought to bear upon this role, of his extensive reading, of his careful examination of the role from all conceivable psychological standpoints, his final decision as to the real Hamlet, and his gradually mounting apprehension, almost approximating to a nervous breakdown, as the fateful night drew near. I can remember it as if it were yesterday, so profound was the impression he created, so deeply did his portrait of the hapless Prince etch itself upon my mind. There was a great and distinguished audience, for Forbes-Robertson by that time was firmly established both in the esteem and the affection of his public. But I

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doubt if a single individual present—certainly not the most significant of all, the actor himself,—ever dreamed that the night was to witness the creation of a new ideal of Hamlet and to give to the English stage and the world one of the greatest Shakespearean studies the Victorian era had known.

Yet so it was. Forbes-Robertson may have been actually nervous, but of this he gave no outward sign. What the audience saw was a slim figure, and a pale, almost ethereally pale face; grave, acutely sensitive, suggesting a mental detachment, a brooding mysticism,—a face with a brow of intellectual beauty, dreamy, far-seeing eyes that smouldered with suppressed fire. Artists who knew Rossetti's exquisite picture of "Love Kissing Beatrice" realized for the first time all the classic charm of that profile. And when he began to utter the great soliloquy—the first—you could hear the sharp intake of breath of men and women as they bent forward to catch every word that fell in slow, rich, mellow music, fraught with a world of melancholy, weighted down with the pain of living, the paradox of life. It was as if a spirit had wandered from another world and stood sorely puzzled at the brink of an unsolved mystery.

The storm of applause that burst upon the silence when he had finished rose and fell like a wave. The actor stood silent, immobile, until it died away.

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Neither by the slightest movement nor by the flicker of an eyelid could you tell that he had heard it. It seemed as if he was indeed Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, and not an actor playing the role.

From that night his fame was assured. From that moment he stepped into his rightful place as the greatest English tragedian of the time. And from then his career was one continual series of successful tours, with only one or two experiments that did not come up to expectation.

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And since then Canada has known him and his exquisite art, has seen him in his finest roles, and has felt for him an affection this Dominion rarely displays towards any public figure. He has played to us, has charmed us with the music of his voice, the beauty of his art, and the genius by which he reveals the spiritual qualities that lie beneath the most profound tragedies.

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With perhaps the solitary exception of Henry Irving, there has been no prominent figure on our English-speaking stage during the past half-century with such an arresting personality as Forbes-Robertson, and this personality has counted for much in his progress. It could not, of course, by itself have won for him recognition upon the stage, but combined

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with the rare refinement of his art, it has been an invaluable asset throughout the whole of his long and distinguished career. There was always about his personality something of inspiration, a quite unusual grace, a natural poise, and that indefinable quality which, for lack of a better term, the world still persists in calling magnetism. You felt it immediately he stepped on the stage, before he had uttered a word. For instance, in the opening scene of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra", in which Caesar, walking out of the darkness, stops before the Sphinx and salutes it, the appearance of Forbes-Robertson in the role of the great soldier held the audience spell-bound before he had begun the delivery of the magnificent passage which Shaw had placed in Caesar's mouth. Similarly, his first entry in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" also exerted an almost hypnotic influence upon his audience before he spoke. Yet there was never anything deliberately theatrical about his entries. They were, on the other hand, almost studiously unobtrusive, but the factor of personality invariably asserted itself and dominated both audience and stage.

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I have seen many actors of striking presence and commanding voice during more than forty years' study of the stage, but I can recall none who accomplished more with less effort, or who, by the employ-

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ment of a natural dignity and untheatrical utterance, could make a deeper and more profound impression upon an audience, than Forbes-Robertson. It was no subtle manipulation of the mechanism of acting, for few actors ever needed adventitious aid less than he did. It was rather that he possessed in a remarkable degree the ability of endowing every role he portrayed with such a convincingly human touch that it immediately awakened responsive sympathy in the hearts of his audience. No matter what part he might be playing, he invariably illumined it with the glowing light of his own swift artistic imagination. His innate charm of mind and nature lent an additional glamour, particularly to romantic roles, and his acting was unfailingly characterized by a sympathy and sincerity that invested it with an appeal strong enough to break down all opposition. The man's sheer humanity stood out even beyond his art, and always enabled his audience to realize clearly the difference between sentiment and sentimentality upon the stage.

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The eloquence of this personality became more and more marked with the passage of years. For instance, in his later portrayal of the role of Dick Helder in "The Light that Failed", he could suggest a caress by a pose; he could convey a sense of deep-rooted devotion by the inflection of his voice; and

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by a slow straightening up of the body, with arms dropped to the sides and hands clenched, he succeeded in communicating to the audience a sense of Dick's realization of all that blindness meant to him more clearly than a torrent of declamatory eloquence on the part of a more strenuous actor could possibly have done. Similarly, in such a slight but charming comedy as "Mice and Men", he conveyed, through the medium of that same eloquent personality, so delicate and so exquisitely refined a portrait of the gentle, philosophical eighteenth-century dreamer, Mark Embrey, that the picture remained vivid in the mind's eye long after the fall of the curtain. Incidentally, this same role served to emphasize the fact that no actor of our time ever personified more gracefully the type and character of the old-world gentleman, using that term in its real but rarely applied sense.

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There are rare moments in the career of every great artist when it seems that the ultimate achievement of artistic effort has been attained. In the long record of Forbes-Robertson's triumphs on the stage, I think I would pick out the role of The Stranger in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" and that of Hamlet as perhaps the two in which he reached the greatest heights of his art. To a certain extent there can be no doubt his romantic personality served to

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enhance the conviction of the portrait, but it was the man's mind, revealed through the medium of an art of which he was an assured and confident master, that invested both roles with that dignity, authority and spiritual beauty for which they were remarkable and unique.

Of course he utilized externals, as every good actor does. The furrowed face of *The Stranger*, the grave eyes that seemed to read the heart of all at a glance, the slow, steadfast walk, the wonderfully soothing quality of the melodious voice,—these were externals, but Forbes-Robertson visualized also the spirit of humility, the spirit of modesty, and the spirit of sweet tenderness towards all mankind. These things went beyond mere externals, and thus it was that the influence which *The Stranger* seemed to exert upon the people on the stage was not confined to the stage illusion, but extended also to the entire audience.

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Honours have been showered upon Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. The bestowal of Knighthood by the King during his farewell week at Drury Lane Theatre was hailed everywhere as a signally fitting climax to a great career. His devotion to his art and his untiring efforts to bring the public to a realization that the drama is a noble institution, not a thing to be degraded for the sake of gain, have won sympathy

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and support from a host of distinguished thinkers and writers. His own utterances have been of significant value in this connection, and he has always been ready and willing to make his ideals clearly understood.

So highly does Forbes-Robertson hold his profession that he has indulged in dreams of the theatre as a link of Empire. His farewell message to me on the occasion of his last visit to Canada contained these words:—

On the occasion of my farewell to Montreal, I have but one thought,—May all success attend the efforts, which have been so well started, to have a chain of theatres under Canadian control from Halifax to Victoria. Such an undertaking will be of great value in a hundred ways both to Canada and the Old Country.

He has always held that the theatre is a social institution of the first importance, and that it might easily become a medium for the conservation of ideals and the strengthening of ties of kinship and of loyalty. Himself a loyalist of most intense fervour and patriotism, he believes that the links that bind the Empire will be the stronger and the more enduring if the free nations that compose the Empire strive toward a common understanding and hold before them a common goal of inspiration and of idealism.

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In this realistic age, a talk with Forbes-Robertson is as refreshing and as invigorating as a draught of cool spring water on a dusty day in June. He has such a sane, finely-balanced outlook on life and such a broad, generous, comprehensive understanding of life's little ironies. His attitude towards humanity is one of genial comradeship. His own spiritual temperament makes him uncommonly tolerant of the faults and failings of others, and his conduct towards his contemporaries has ever been one of studious courtesy, sympathy, friendliness, and brotherly understanding.

In his relations with his profession and with the public he has been singularly fortunate in having a wife whose personal charm, rare tact and broad sympathies have enabled her to assist him in a hundred ways. There is a lot of rubbish talked and written about marriages between actors and actresses, but I have never known any happier married couple than Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott. Honours have not spoiled them. After their marriage in 1900 they were associated on the stage, and Lady Forbes-Robertson, since her husband's retirement, has continued her work. Fortunately, there is no reason to think that she will retire for a long time yet. They are both deeply devoted to their children, portraits of whom cover their dressing-tables wherever they go. It was to ensure an adequate fortune

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for his girls that Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson made his last tour of the United States. The war had so depleted his financial resources that this was an actual necessity.

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To-day the actor lives in honoured retirement. But his home is not the hiding-place of a hermit. He keeps in close touch with the world and men, and with his profession. His advice is given freely and generously, and he is the quintessence of gracious courtesy to all who visit him. I called on him four years ago and enjoyed a long chat in his old-world sitting-room in Bedford Square. His voice at that time had retained much of its quality of mellow music.

His long life is a record of fine achievements, upon which he can look back without a tinge of vain regret. Such men as he have held high the banner of England's glory and added lustre to the record of those artists who have helped to make her traditions great.

SIR JOHN MARTIN-HARVEY

The Artist Triumphant

IF anybody were to ask me what actor of the day exemplifies most authoritatively and most masterfully the triumph of art over artificiality upon the English-speaking stage, I should reply without the slightest hesitation, "Sir John Martin-Harvey". Indeed, there is no other name that suggests itself, even upon reflection. Sir John has become an institution, it is true; but, unlike most institutions, he has never grown moss-covered. He has not passed into a tradition. He holds his art flexible, pliable, and susceptible of astounding manifestations, even to-day. At sixty-two, he stands at the very height of his career. He has been an actor for forty-eight years and a successful actor-manager for thirty years. He has won his way, without influence, without any adventitious aids to success, by dint of his earnestness, his passionate sincerity, his devotion to his art and his painstaking study of his own faults and shortcomings.

Endowed by nature with unusual gifts of physical features and vocal utterance, he cultivated these, made himself master of all the mechanics of histrionism, and strove always to improve upon past perform-

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ances. He has told me that he never plays Sydney Carton but he tries to improve that wonderful portrait in some little detail, no matter how trivial. It has been the same with all his most successful stage portraits. If you study them, you will find a hundred details of costume, of pose, of poise, of gesture, of utterance, of eccentricity, by which Martin-Harvey individualizes each, by means of which he makes each distinctive, by which he invests the biggest with an authority that is born of conscious mastery exerted through the medium of art.

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To the great majority of theatre-goers the name of Martin-Harvey is synonymous with that of Sydney Carton in "The Only Way". It is an interesting coincidence that this role, which Sir John has played literally hundreds of times, and by which he is best known to the public on both sides of the Atlantic, was the role that signalized his entry into the realm of actor-management at the Lyceum Theatre in 1899. The fact that so mechanical and artificial a romantic drama as this stilted play from the pen of the Rev. Freeman Wills and Frederick Langbridge should have obtained such a phenomenal popularity is, of course, a very eloquent tribute to the genius of the man who made its central character live.

As a dramatic portrait, Martin-Harvey's Sydney Carton will rank, in perfection of delineation, with

SIR JOHN MARTIN-HARVEY

the finest achievements the English stage has witnessed in the past thirty years. Hundreds of thousands of people have seen it, but very few of that number are aware of the years of laborious study that went to the making of that portrait. The idea originated with Lady (then Mrs.) Martin-Harvey while on tour in America with her husband in Sir Henry Irving's Lyceum company, of which both were then members. They were eager, optimistic dreamers in those days when the chance of Martin-Harvey ever becoming an actor-manager seemed so far removed from practicability as to be nothing more than a vision. But the idea was cherished by both and they actually began to prepare the drama years before there was the slightest prospect of ever being able to produce it. Having secured from Freeman Wills a draft copy of the play, based on their own scenario, they worked upon this year after year, altering, reconstructing and revising, testing the play privately, line by line, and speech by speech, modelling the scenery and the grouping of characters and crowds.

Thus it was that long before the first performance of "The Only Way" at the Lyceum, it had become to Martin-Harvey an intimate, living thing. He had elaborated the character of Sydney Carton to the slightest detail of dress, make-up, poise, carriage, gesture, and had determined the place of each character in the play and also the manner in which it

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should be produced. Steeped in the traditions of the Lyceum, a close and observant student of Sir Henry Irving's methods of stage production and management, when the time came he was eminently well qualified to produce "The Only Way", and to those years of patient preparation he has always attributed his success in that particular role.

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Just as Forbes-Robertson was originally designed to be an artist, so Martin-Harvey was in the first place intended for an architect, but his failure in mathematics at school prompted his father to start him in his ship-yard as an apprentice, with the result that, to quote Sir John's own words: "I used to get up at five-thirty to start work in the shipyard, but I am afraid I only retired to my office and translated Fenelon's 'Telemaque' ". His father, however, was a singularly discerning and sympathetic man, and soon realized that his son's ambition lay in the direction of the stage. Advice was sought from Sir Henry Irving and Sir W. S. Gilbert, and finally Martin-Harvey began to study with John Rider, a popular and distinguished actor of the old school, under whom he served a very thorough and exacting apprenticeship. From the time when he completed this, up to his entry into the realm of actor-management on his own account, John Martin-Harvey's career affords a striking example of steadfast plodding, untiring

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mental application and the development of an indomitable spirit of determination and perseverance in the face of numerous setbacks, which may be held up as an example for any young student who is ambitious to achieve a career upon the stage to-day.

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It was in 1882 that he succeeded in securing an engagement with the Lyceum company as a super. It seemed a tragic humiliation to him in those days, but the long years of hard, often apparently meaningless drudgery under discouraging conditions brought out the best there was in the man and in the artist, and in the end this slow toil upwards under a most exacting manager with little consideration for young aspirants of a sensitive nature and with a personality that dominated the whole English-speaking stage, was to lead Martin-Harvey to the point where he discovered himself. He learned from a great master all there was to be learned of the actual craft of the theatre in his day, and when the time came for him to spread his wings and begin independent effort there was probably no man in Great Britain better qualified, either by experience, acquired knowledge, inspiration or temperament, to essay the flight.

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It was two years after his appearance as Osric in Forbes-Robertson's first production of "Hamlet"

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that John Martin-Harvey took his courage in both hands and made the same plunge that Forbes-Robertson had made then, challenging the verdict of the veteran London theatre-goers. He had leased the Lyceum Theatre and I have heard him recall, more than once, with a quiet chuckle, what Ellen Terry said when she heard of it: "What, little Jack Harvey fill the Lyceum!" Sir Henry was kind, with that courtly kindliness he always showed to those who had served him well, and permitted the use of his first-night plan which assured an audience occupying its favourite seats.

For the second time within two years, a blasé London audience sat up astonished, and finally, after the closing thrill, stormed the theatre with a furore of applause. The haunting words with which Sydney Carton goes to his death, "It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done. It is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known," produced an effect which was little short of electric. In fact, the air was full of electricity throughout that evening, particularly, I recall, when the bold effects of the revolutionary tribunal and the convincing manipulation of turbulent crowds paved the way for the most dramatic moment of the play.

Stirring my memories of that period, I recall even greater unanimity as to the merit of the performance than there was displayed regarding Forbes-Robert-

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son's "Hamlet". Of course, no comparison is possible between the two, but it is significant that the two actors who have won the affection of English-speaking theatre-goers in Britain and over here should both have begun their independent careers under such favourable auspices.

Harvey's long term of fourteen years under Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum and with the Lyceum company during four tours of the United States had taught him all he could possibly learn about stage management and about acting, so long as he remained a member of Sir Henry's organization. He made more than one unsuccessful effort to branch out for himself, but Sir Henry, always an autocrat, was never fond of losing a good man, and frowned down each effort. The fact remains that Martin-Harvey, in leaving the Lyceum company, did the best thing, not only for himself, but for the English stage, that he could possibly have done. It enabled him not only to create such popular roles as Sydney Carton in "The Only Way", and Lieut. Reresby in "The Breed of the Treshams", but it also permitted him to give the British public, first, his beautiful production of "Peleas and Melisande"; later on, his magnificent spectacle of "Œdipus Rex"; and lastly, the crowning triumph of his brilliant career, "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde".

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I have said that most people think of "The Only Way" when Martin-Harvey's name is mentioned. That is because he usually chose those plays in which he had scored a definite and emphatic success when he undertook long tours. In this I have always held that he was both wise and justified. He is well-known throughout Canada, for he has toured this Dominion, not once, but several times, both with Sir Henry Irving and on his own account. When he first brought his own company here he was venturing a great deal on what was an obvious risk. If his plays did not please, his tour would fail and he would be hopelessly handicapped, financially. If his tour succeeded, he could come back with new plays. His first tour did succeed—beyond his wildest expectations, and successive tours have but served to increase his prestige and to strengthen his hold upon the Canadian theatregoer.

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If his repertoire has not included a greater variety, it must be remembered that his most distinctive productions, like "Œdipus Rex" and "Pelleas and Melisande", are elaborate, expensive, involving big stage crowds and extensive stage settings. To transport these means great financial outlay. To engage supers in numbers involves more heavy expenditure and the difficulty of training them quickly for such work as the plays require.

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What Canada has seen of Sir John's acting, however, has only served to strengthen first impressions, and to seat him more securely in the public heart as a great actor. For that he assuredly is, both by right of achievement and of genius. When we look over the record, it is remarkable in many ways: Sydney Carton, Count Skariatine in "A Cigarette Maker's Romance", Lieutenant Reresby in "The Breed of the Treshams", Garrick, Hamlet, Richard III, the tragic Œdipus, and the rest, with the never-to-be-forgotten figure of the Burgomaster of Stilemonde at the end of a long vista, down which one looks as down a portrait-gallery of old masters. For there is this distinctive note about Martin-Harvey's acting; he changes his style to suit the role he portrays. He has now as many methods of acting as he has roles in his repertoire. He never uses the same colours, and he never lets his own personality emerge during his portrayals.

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This is the direct result of his long training under Irving. It made him not only a master in the art of make-up, and in that he is, I think, almost the equal of Sir Herbert Tree himself, but a master in the art of submerging his own personality—a thing Irving hardly ever did. He deliberately changes his voice, its quality, timbre, inflections; and if you meet him during the intervals between the acts, it is not

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Martin-Harvey who talks to you, but Sydney Carton, or Garrick, or the Burgomaster. I have experienced this, not once, but many times, and I have never ceased to marvel at the subtlety of art by means of which Martin-Harvey substitutes another personality for his own during the whole period of a performance. When I went back-stage to see him before the performance of "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde", I did not at first recognize him, although I have known him for many years. His entire personality was gone. In its place there was that of the Burgomaster, an unobtrusive figure, with a somewhat gruff voice, holding a hoarse, hesitating note, wholly alien to the bell-like clarity and round beauty of tone his Pelleas holds, or the suave, smooth charm of his Count Skariatine. Mien, gestures, carriage, walk, poise of the head,—all were changed; and all remained changed until the last curtain had fallen and all traces of the Burgomaster had been removed.

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Take his Sydney Carton,—the obvious comparison. Here again there is an entire change from his customary voice and manner. The opening scenes are a masterly study in the psychology of intemperance. The strained note in the voice, the alcoholic hoarseness, the uncertain, forced laughter, the droop of the body, either in the chair or when swinging his

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legs carelessly from a table; the suggestion of confused thought; and then, later in the play, the astounding difference as Sydney Carton emerges from the toils of his excesses and the spirit of the man stands revealed above his failure. It is literally a series of psychological changes, accomplished with a rare refinement that never permits you to see any deliberation of method or intent, but which gives you a convincing picture of the reformation wrought in the soul of Carton, as well as in his body. Change of voice, facial expression, carriage, action,—all are eloquent, all combine to mark the new man.

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So it is with the gracious, graceful, simple-minded, gentle dandy, Count Skariatine, with his standard of a by-gone age, his simple trusting faith, his inimitable old-world courtliness. The character is built up of a hundred trifles,—not one insignificant, not one that could be dropped without the impersonation losing something of its values. And in *Pelleas*, where Martin-Harvey is more a symbol than a man—*Pelleas*, which Canada has yet to see as I saw it in London, in 1898 and 1900, it is the same. Here is another marvel of the actor's art made manifest.

Forbes-Robertson had just taken his season at the Prince of Wales Theatre with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and was keenly interested in introducing Maurice Maeterlinck and his work to English theatregoers.

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They decided to produce "Pelleas and Melisande" at a series of matinees, and finally, on the recommendation of Alfred Sutro, the brilliant English novelist and critic, they chose Martin-Harvey for the role. It was, perhaps, as Mr. Sutro said at the time, an inevitable choice. Physically, Martin Harvey was the ideal. Indeed, it is not too much to say that even to-day his physique is perfect for the role. In 1889 the beauty of his youthful face, the eloquent eyes with their steady, grave gaze and spiritual expression, the proud, sensitive lines of his mouth and his wonderfully melodious voice, in which he could sound a note of wistful melancholy no actor of his time, with the exception of Forbes-Robertson, has ever equalled, both filled the eye and satisfied the ear as the ideal hero of the Belgian poet's exquisite drama.

Moreover, temperamentally also, Martin-Harvey was the ideal Pelleas. Long before the production of his play, he had been a keen student and devoted admirer of Maeterlinck, and his own deeply sensitive and receptive mind, steeped in the thought and atmosphere of the play, understood and revelled in its beauty, so that the loveliness of thought, the tenderness of mysticism, and the marvellous subtlety of phrasing in "Pelleas and Melisande" were revealed with added charm through the medium of his fascinating art.

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I should be inclined to say that it is as Pelleas, as Œdipus and as the Burgomaster of Stilemonde that Martin-Harvey has achieved his greatest triumphs. His portrait of the tragic figure of the Belgian burgomaster is a masterpiece, alike in its sincerity, its stern beauty, and its austere dignity. It is a study in humanity as lovable and appealing as any modern dramatist has conceived, and in its remarkably crushing tragedy there is a power which grips all who behold Martin-Harvey in the role. It is one that must make a tremendous appeal to him, for the tragedy moves to its end with Greek simplicity, implacable and inevitable, and the subtlety with which Martin-Harvey conveys both the physical and mental picture is a wonderful triumph of the actor's art.

It transcends mere technique of histrionism and becomes a creation as beautiful and as noble as that of Irving's Matthias in "The Bells" or Willard's Ironmaster. It is my firm conviction that this role will be ranked among the great creations of our modern English stage.

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No note on Martin-Harvey's work and art would be complete without mention of the debt he owes his devoted wife, Nina de Silva. They were co-workers together in Sir Henry Irving's company. She has been his close companion and confidante, sympathetic, understanding, helpful and stimulating,

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throughout his career. Their married life has been singularly happy, and Sir John is the first to make clear how, through all periods of doubt, of stress, and of apprehension, the devotion, courage, and sound judgment of his wife have helped him and encouraged him to still more ambitious efforts. Their daughter, Muriel Martin-Harvey, has achieved quite a little reputation of her own on the stage as a comedienne of distinctive personality and style.

Sir John is a delightful host in his beautiful country house at East Shean, rich in reminiscence, loving a clever story, generous in praise of colleagues, weighty in judgment, sound and penetrating in vision, and singularly illuminating in comment. A rare friend, a noble-minded gentleman with the highest ideals, the warmest heart, and the most sincere mind, he stands to-day on the heights. But he is of those who recognize that there are loftier heights to be climbed. And he will climb them, if he lives.

HERBERT TREE

The Man Who Laughed at Life

THE stage, like other walks of life, provides striking examples of paradox. It seems strange that a man who is not a great actor should be able to climb to the top and win a great and ever-increasing measure of public support. Yet the life-story of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is the record of a man who, though he could never at any time have been described as a great actor, fought his way to the most astonishing heights, was honoured by his King and by foreign nations, and left the most substantial permanent memorial behind him. Here we enter the realm of psychology. Tree, the actor, could never have done it. Tree, the man with the theatre as his world, could, and did. He combined in unusual degree the gift of mimicry with that of penetrating understanding. He could always mimic. But he could also always see beneath the surface of any role, get to its heart, and even enable others to realize in it possibilities he himself was unable, in his own portrayal, to visualize with success.

He was, of course, a master of the art of make-up. I think he was the greatest artist the modern English stage has known in this particular regard. It was

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with him always a matter of principle to sink his external personality completely. In many a role of his earlier days, before his voice lost something of its pliability and his delivery had grown rather less colourful, he was quite unrecognizable. He studied a role from every conceivable angle. He made experiments over long periods in different phases of the part. He left absolutely nothing to chance, so far as externals were concerned. He was determined that his first impression upon his audience should be complete, so far as physical illusion could go. And by degrees he became recognized as an authority on make-up, and his standard became the criterion, and his work was studied by actors of the younger school.

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He loved variety and he loved colour. He never drew back at the idea of any role, no matter how repulsive or unsuitable it might appear. He regarded every waking moment of his life as an experience, and every experience as a step towards his ideal. He was an insatiable student of humanity as well as of his art. He would be studying men and women while at a rehearsal, and he was a naturally keen observer. A curious metaphysical twist in his nature made him somewhat of a mystery to those who were unable to appreciate the man's true character; and in his later years it was Tree's delight to accentuate this

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impression by all manner of tricks and fancies. He concealed always under a nonchalant air a mind preternaturally active, a memory astonishingly retentive and at times equally astonishingly lax, and a personality with so many facets that, as one of his closest friends said, you never knew whether the Tree who came out of the stage door was the same one that had gone in an hour before or not.

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I often discussed with Sir Herbert his early days, but I never succeeded in getting from him any more than an occasional hint as to the impression his first experience made upon him. From those hints, however, I gathered that he had approached the stage with a very open mind, and that his natural disposition enabled him to survive a good many disheartening influences that might easily have crushed a less strenuous personality. But Tree was endowed from his youth with a sense of humour, so keen, so delightful, so broad, and capable of such comprehensive application, that he was able to see the comic side of life much more clearly than most men. He could, moreover, laugh at himself and enjoy doing so. I have known him often mimic his own work on the stage, when illustrating some particular moment or event in some scene. He knew his limitations but—strange paradox—he never allowed any of them to deter him from attempting what he also knew was

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impossible, often enough. Some uncontrollable impulse drove him all his life to attempt and persist; and though the measure of his failures was by no means small, that of his achievements was emphatically great.

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Herbert Beerbohm Tree was designed by nature for the theatre. Although he started life with a business career in view, he speedily developed his natural bent for mimicry, and his numerous appearances as an amateur actor brought him to the notice of several of the prominent managers of the day. Important amateur dramatic clubs like the Betterton, and the group of brilliant, but irresponsible mimics known as The Irrationals, afforded him ample opportunity to indulge his penchant for mimicking, and it was his remarkable ability in imitating popular actors in their best-known parts that first won him a professional engagement.

From the age of twenty-five, when he made his first professional appearance in 1878, until his death in 1917, a period of nearly forty years, he was continually before the London public, with the exception of three brief tours and occasional visits to the Continent. During those forty years, Tree played positively an amazing number of roles, covering the entire field of histrionics, from clowning and phantasy to the most profound tragedy. His range was

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as remarkable as that of any actor of his time; perhaps in versatility he excelled them all. He would tackle the seemingly impossible with a nonchalance that made veteran actors tremble and kept his friends continually wondering what he would do next. He seemed equally happy whether in comedy, tragedy, melodrama or problem play.

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His career was not devoid of a certain percentage of failures, but there was this difference between Tree and his most prominent contemporaries—he never allowed his mind to dwell for five seconds upon any failure, save in so far as he thought it might teach him some lesson which could be put to effective use in the future. He was a close, keen student of his fellow-men and his fellow-actors. What is more, Tree was one of the most discerning and penetrating of dramatic critics. He was a good critic of his own work and he was a first-rate constructive critic of the work of other artists. He won his public slowly but surely, and it was no mere admiration for the actor they felt, but deep and lasting affection for the man. From 1883 Tree's name was recognized in London as a drawing card. He had already established a reputation as a character-actor in such roles as Fagin in "Oliver Twist", and when, in 1884, he created the role of the Reverend Robert Spalding in "The Private Secretary", he became the rage of

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London, further consolidating his position by one of the most remarkable successes of his career as Paolo Mocari in "Called Back".

Merely to enumerate the roles he portrayed throughout his long and active career would occupy far more space than is at my disposition here. He went from success to failure and from failure to success with an indomitable spirit that not only communicated itself to all those who came into contact with him, but in later years, when he became an actor-manager, drew around him a company of devoted artists who worked hard and willingly, who held him in close affection, and in conjunction with whom he was destined to accomplish work that will for ever mark his connection with the English stage as a period of progress and genuine achievement.

It was in 1896 that Tree began his lease of Her Majesty's theatre, and started there that long list of great spectacular productions with the memory of which his name will always be associated in the minds of all lovers of Shakespeare. He had been lessee of the Haymarket theatre before then, and it was here that he created the role of Svengali in "Trilby" in 1895—a creation so intensely vivid, so harrowing in its intensity, so compelling in its domination, that it seized the imagination of the London multitude as few roles have ever done on the modern stage. He had played in innumerable Shakespearean produc-

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tions, and he had covered in his portraiture a wide range of roles. His Petruchio in 1897 was the first of a series of Shakespearean portraits which he drew with rare fidelity, with painstaking subtlety, with an elaboration that often seemed almost too meticulous: but also with a sincerity, a thoroughness, and earnestness and a vital force that went far to silence adverse criticism and won for him ready recognition from his public as an actor-manager who was a power to be respected—and counted upon.

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From that time he never let his London public down. He did not stick solely to Shakespeare. He could not afford to do so. He was a man of reckless extravagance. He had no idea of the value of money. He spent royally; he entertained royally; he lavished favours royally; he rewarded faithful service royally. And he never gave a moment's thought where the money was to come from. What he earned, he flung around with thoughtless largesse. When a production failed, he made another that recouped him. And so the years ran on until he came to the period when he could achieve the desire of a life-time and inaugurate an annual Shakespearean Festival. It began in 1905, and for twelve years it was the dominating feature of the London theatrical season. It brought to the front the most competent interpreters of Shakespeare on the English stage, for Tree had one

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splendid quality as an actor—he never was jealous of any man, and if another actor outshone him, he let him take all the praise—and added his own to swell the chorus.

Canadian theatregoers will recall the overwhelming domination of Lyn Harding in the rôle of Henry VIII when Tree played Wolsey. Tree knew that Harding overshadowed him, but he was man enough and artist enough to realize also that Harding's work was magnificent and that it was the cornerstone of the whole performance. Harding took all the acclaim the audience gave him, and Tree saw to it that he should. This characteristic of the man—a characteristic as rare among actors as it is fine—not only won for him the affection of his closest associates, but also gave the stage many finer and better balanced productions and performances than it would otherwise have seen.

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Tree was a relentless taskmaster. He held post-mortems after every rehearsal and performance, but in his own way. He could wither a fool with biting, stinging sarcasm. He did not suffer fools gladly. Indeed, it was his way, at one period of his career at Her Majesty's, to bring out a little Persian prayer rug at the end of a long rehearsal after all the Company had left the theatre, and kneel upon it and say: "Oh, Lord, teach these people how to act, for I

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can't!" But to the intelligent and studious he was the quintessence of sympathetic and painstaking comradeship. He could show a man or a woman how he wanted a line spoken with a flash of inspiration, and he saw to it that everything he wanted was done.

He had plans drawn for the grouping of the company in all his Shakespearean productions, and everybody had to learn the plan and adhere to it. But he did not attempt to dictate to an artist who knew his or her business how a particular result or effect should be obtained. He left that to their own intuition, if he was convinced they had enough. Thus he developed such masters as Henry Herbert. Thus he gave Lyn Harding's incomparable Henry VIII to the world.

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Tree was more than a great producer and a striking philosophic personality. He was a great patriot. Often, when I have heard people say sneeringly that he was of German extraction, I have smiled. He was, and he was not ashamed of the fact. But his German blood did not prevent him from going into the very heart of German-America during his tour of the United States in the early years of the war, and telling the American people, particularly the German-Americans, their duty was to fight and help crush the German war machine. He knew he was

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ruining his chances of making his tour a financial success. He was badly in need of money. He knew he was probably closing for ever a door to wealth and independence. Yet he did not hesitate. He did not falter for an instant. When remonstrances were made by the firm which had booked his tour, he turned upon them, and told them to go to hell. He quoted Shakespeare on English patriotism, and he held up the example of Britain as one for America to emulate. Those who went to hiss him often enough left quietly, or remained to cheer. He faced hostile audiences night after night, and from his commanding height he smiled at them grimly as he hurled taunts and jibes and appeals at them. I have always admired Tree's independence of spirit. But when I saw him do that, I held the man great. I think that Herbert Tree was at bottom one of the greatest patriots our English stage has known—and the list is a long and distinguished one, from Shakespeare down. When put to the test, he survived it and emerged covered with the glory that must ever cling about a moral hero as well as about those whose heroism is blazoned to the world.

Socially, Tree was a delight. He used to cultivate a certain advanced clientele deliberately. He gave sensational parties; he was a master story-teller. He was an inexhaustible mine of wit and humour. He did not always do things his friends thought wise,

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and his home-life was at times lived in a somewhat sultry atmosphere in consequence. But he was a man of a very affectionate disposition, and he was capable of profound devotion. His love for his daughter was one of the most beautiful things in his whole life, I think. He was never tired of talking about her, and she held a place in his heart nobody else could ever hold.

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He used to delight in playing all sorts of tricks upon his intimate friends. He cultivated an absent-mindedness that became almost part and parcel of the man's daily life. The story of how he told a London cabman to drive him up the Embankment and down again, then back to the theatre, and then home, is well known. "And where's 'ome, Sir 'Erbert?" asked the jehu politely. "Why should I tell a vulgar person like you where my beautiful home is?" Tree is reported to have replied. It may be only a tale, but it is so characteristic of the man's whimsical humour that it is worthy of repetition. He told it to me himself during the last few hours I spent with him in Montreal before he left for England. He had planned a tour of the world, and I had signed a contract to go with him. But the tour was not to be. An accidental fall in Constance Collier's country home resulted in damage to the brain, and Tree died quietly in his bed at the age

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of sixty-six, beloved by all who knew him, and sadly missed by the profession he had so long adorned and the theatre he had striven so nobly to enrich.

But he had founded the Academy of Dramatic Art in 1904, and that at least is one permanent memorial of the man and his ideals. He had been indefatigable for many years in every movement designed to raise the status of his profession, and he accomplished a great deal for which actors and actresses will ever hold his name in grateful remembrance.

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I have emphasized Tree's sense of humour. At the risk of seeming to labour the point, I want to do so again, because I have always been convinced that it was this sense of humour that not only sustained him during periods of stress, but often provided a much-needed outlet for his ever restless spirit and his over-eager mind. It is not generally known that he was a writer of considerable ability and that he could easily have earned his living with his pen, had he not been an actor. His style was forceful, clear, pungent and illuminating. He gave his imagination full play, and there ran through all he wrote a delicious note of veiled satire. He could be very cynical when he chose, but his cynicism was rather an assumption of mood than a part of the man himself. On the other hand, his satire came

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naturally, and was a reflex of his whimsical viewpoint of life. He saw men and events through an individual perspective, and he very often plunged through a welter of unessential material and put his finger on the truth with accuracy and force.

His writing, like his conversation, was literally saturated with wit and epigram. To recall a conversation with him is to recall a series of pithy comments of manners and men. To cite a few at random: "To be one's self is the greatest luxury in the world, but I am bound to say it is the most expensive." "Out of our large scorn we weave our little epigrams." "A gentleman is one who does not care a button whether he is one or not." "Woe be to him who does something, for to be understood is to be found out." "Self-help is the first law of possession." "It is useless to attempt to stem the recurrent tide of corruption by sprinkling the waves with holy water." "It is human to tolerate in ourselves the faults we rightly deprecate in others."

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One more quotation from his Book, *Thought and Afterthoughts*: "As Homer's songs were immortalized through being sung by father to son, by lover to lover, so does Shakespeare's spirit live not in the printed tomes alone, nor in the musty volumes which hold countless comments of literary pedants—it lives most triumphantly (I am so bold as to assert) in his

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irresponsible heirs, Shakespeare's love children, who sing his songs to each succeeding generation in its own voice, and will yet carry his message to states unborn in accents yet unknown."

No man knew better than Tree the inspiration to great living and great achievement that lies in Shakespeare's plays. No man did more to establish a noble standard for their presentation, and it is by his achievement in this direction that Herbert Beer-bohm Tree's place among the dominating personalities of the theatre will be determined by posterity. I like to think of him best as a great patriot-artist who loved his fellow-men, and as a delightful and loyal friend. He was a great artist always, but he was also a man among men.

THE IRVING FAMILY

A Great Tradition

FORTY years ago the name of Henry Irving was supreme in the world of the theatre. To-day, it is only a memory; to the great majority, indeed, little more than a tradition. So fleeting is the vividness of fame, so transitory the impression the art of the actor makes upon his day and generation. Yet in Irving's case the memory remains more than usually clear; for he was of those who leave their imprint on the world. There was a time when it seemed as if the genius of the father would continue to flame in the sons, but Laurence Irving met his fate when the Empress of Ireland sank, and H. B. Irving succumbed to illness ten years ago. There are no children left to carry on the great traditions Henry Irving created. But those traditions are so strong, contain so much of the elements of greatness, that they are likely to survive the test of time as long as memory lives.

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It is uttering a mere truism to say that no actor of the past century played so important a part in the English-speaking theatre as Henry Irving. Look where we will, he stands out in memory the one

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dominating figure, the man who could seize the imagination of a vast audience from the moment of his first entry and hold it absorbed and fascinated until the final curtain had fallen. He was the most conspicuous figure because his art transcended that of all his contemporaries; because his personality was one of extraordinary fascination and power; because he had achieved a remarkable triumph over limitations; and because he had won for himself and the art he loved a place in the hearts of the English people no actor had ever held before or has ever held since.

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The nature of that triumph and the strength of that hold on the public of his day seem all the more remarkable when it is recalled that this man began his career seriously handicapped by a gait that has been described as that of a "fretful man peevishly plodding across a ploughed field". It was said of him that he "drawled in his talk and sprawled in his walk". At the age of eighteen, when he made his first appearance as a professional actor in the role of the Duke of Orleans in Lytton's "Richelieu", he got stage fright, forgot his lines, and was hissed every night for a week. His second role, that of Cleomenes in "The Winter's Tale", was an even greater disaster, for he could not remember a line or word of his part, and though the prompter's voice was heard all over

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the house, he could not follow it and was again hissed off the stage.

But it is precisely at this point—the very beginning of his career—that we get our first significant measure of the man. Any less determined, less courageous, less strong-willed individual would have flung up his hands and thrown up his job there and then, particularly a sensitive and emotional youth of eighteen. But Irving stuck to the game. He knew, deep down in his heart, that he could win his way. And he turned his head proudly to the fray and marched breast-forward to battle—and to conquer.

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What a strikingly significant contrast is afforded between conditions then and now by the mere mention of the fact that from the age of nineteen to twenty-one, playing in the stock company at the old Theatre Royal in Edinburgh, Henry Irving in two and a half years had portrayed four hundred and twenty-eight characters,—had to play a new role nearly every night, from Shakespearean tragedy to old women's roles, buffooning, pantomime, melodrama, farce, and even burlesque!

Nowadays, in stock, an actor has at any rate one whole week in which to learn his new role. Irving often had twenty-four hours only! The theatre in those days was a dingy, gas or oil-lit world, apart and cut off from the social life of the city as

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completely as a gypsy encampment is aloof from city social life to-day. The work was hard, unceasingly hard, exacting, much of it the most wearisome drudgery. The pay was miserable,—thirty shillings a week. The reward,—consciousness of work done to the best of one's ability, often without the slightest hope or chance of recognition outside the walls of the theatre itself.

Irving knew this. He had not entered upon his career blindly. He had been duly and specifically warned. But he felt within him the impulse to persevere, and he felt, too, with intuitive knowledge that he was destined to conquer in the end. It is one of those historic coincidences in which the world delights that five months before Irving's first appearance a tiny tot named Ellen Terry had made her first bow before the footlights in "The Winter's Tale" at the Princess Theatre in London,—in the very play which was to witness his second miserable failure!

He had need of all his courage, for when he left Edinburgh to join the Princess theatre company in London, his first part consisted of six lines in Oxenford's "Ivy Hall". He was so disgusted that he got a release from his engagement and returned to the North, resolved to reappear on the London stage only when he could do so with the certainty of making his voice heard. For five years thereafter he laboured

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with a stock company in Manchester for thirty shillings a week. Slowly, but very surely, he made headway, won public affection, was allotted important roles, and finally made his first appearance in "Hamlet" for his own benefit.

Thus, until he had served ten full years' apprenticeship to the drudgery of the theatre, did Irving work, always resolute, always determined, never despairing, never railing against luck or fate. Dion Boucicault saw him playing with the elder Sothern at Liverpool, recognized his abilities, and secured for him a position in his company to play Rawdon Scudamore with Kate Terry in "Hunted Down".

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Here began that series of triumphs which have now passed into the history of the English stage. From this point onwards Irving's career was assured. He passed from one success to another—not without indifferent roles and some few failures intermingled—but always he made headway with his public. He became associated with notable actors and actresses on the London stage; such names as Charles Wyndham, John Clayton, Nellie Farren, Toole and Lionel Brough. At thirty-one he was a recognized figure. He had arrived. His personality was known and greatly liked. His individual characteristics fascinated the London public. His appearance as Digby

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Grant in Albery's comedy of "Two Roses" won for him widespread acclaim.

Up to this time he had been regarded as a grimly humorous comedian. But when, on the two hundred and ninety-first night of the run, he recited "Eugene Aram", he leaped towards fame in a single night by the revelation of tragic powers of which none save himself had dreamed.

The London critics were bewildered. This man had surprised them, startled them, upset all their previous critical estimates. He was to startle them still more. For when he was engaged by the father of Isabel Bateman, who had taken the Lyceum to exploit his daughter on the English stage, to support her in Albery's "Pickwick", his great chance arrived. "Pickwick" was a loss, and the American manager, disheartened, was about to give up the theatre and return to the States, when Irving urged "The Bells" upon him.

What happened is part of the immortal story of the London stage. The audience, spellbound by Irving's Matthias, leaped from their seats at the close and shouted their applause. At the age of thirty-three, Irving was famous. He stepped to the foremost position on the English stage and from that day his place was never lost nor his leadership seriously challenged. Whether he plumbed the depths of terror or scaled the heights of tragedy, his fame grew and

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his hold upon his public was more and more firmly established. And when in 1874 he challenged comparison with the greatest of those who had gone before and played "Hamlet" at the Lyceum, all the theatre-going world knew at last that a genius held the stage and that England had a greater actor than any living theatre-goers had known.

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No theatre-goers of the time had ever seen such tragic acting as his. Contemporary criticism was sharply divided between extravagant eulogy and abuse; but the public went mad over him, and the scenes of enthusiasm in the Lyceum were such as none had witnessed within living memory. Unfortunately a series of unsatisfactory plays checked his progress, and for a time seemed almost to justify the prognostications of his enemies. But when he appeared as Richard III once more he was swept on the tide of public acclaim to the highest of artistic achievement.

Dubosc, in "The Lyons Mail", followed, and then one of the greatest masterpieces of Irving's life (and surely one of the masterpieces of all history in drama)—Louis IX. With the tremendous success that greeted this magnificent achievement, Irving began his tenure as lessee of the Lyceum, and at the age of forty set out on that triumphant series of productions which made his name famous throughout the

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world, lifted the English stage from the rut into which it had sunk to a position of eminence and distinction once more, gave to the world the full fruition of the genius of Ellen Terry and his own in an association which witnessed the most spectacular triumphs the London stage had ever known, and made his name immortal.

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One follows the record with growing interest,—a revival of "Hamlet", with Ellen Terry's exquisite Ophelia; a trip to Venice, followed by a sumptuous production of "The Merchant of Venice", in which the London theatrical world made acquaintance with one of the most striking Shylocks and admittedly the loveliest Portia of them all; and then that memorable visit to England of Booth, the great American tragedian, whose ill-luck and failure would have perhaps ended in real tragedy but for Irving's magnificent generosity in inviting Booth to the Lyceum and in alternating with him the roles of Othello and Iago—to the great and triumphant success of both actors.

Boyhood memory but dimly recalls that famous partnership. But when Irving, in the very height of his powers, made his tour of the United States in his forty-fifth year, and returned with new laurels to give London perhaps the greatest Malvolio the stage will ever see in the English language, memory is far clearer. I can recall Irving's Malvolio as clearly

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as any memorable dramatic portrait I have ever seen. It was a veritable masterpiece of humour grimly presented through grotesque medium. Ellen Terry's Viola was fascinating in its feminine witchery, and the two together made a contrast that none could ever forget. But "Twelfth Night" did not draw the London public as "Macbeth" and "The Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet" had done. And after other productions of plays with little merit, Irving returned to Shakespeare and revived "Macbeth", this time with Ellen Terry in her great interpretation of Lady Macbeth, made famous by Sargent's magnificent portrait.

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From that point on, I do not think I missed any new role that Irving created, or for that matter any revival of a former success. I saw him in almost every Shakespearean role he ever played, in all his productions of Tennyson's uneven dramas, in "A Story of Waterloo", in "Don Quixote", in "Robespierre", in "Madame Sans-Gêne", in "Faust". And my recollection of this succession of splendid stage scenes is dominated by that one authoritative, masterful, overwhelmingly magnetic contrast, by which the genius of Ellen Terry was fanned to a more brilliant flame than before.

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How his public loved him! What a royal progress was his! Supreme in his art, he stood for the

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highest and noblest ideals the theatre had ever known. He made the art of the actor respected, and the actor's profession recognized as one worthy of the highest honours. He was the very soul of generosity, magnanimous and liberal with a royal hand. He distributed largesse on a scale of princely magnificence. In particular did he make the old and worn-out and broken-down men and women of his own profession the objects of his courtly charity and kindness. And in such cases the more dire the need, the most courtly and the more gracious Irving's bestowal of aid.

He had fought hard for his success, and he tasted its splendours only to determine that the profession he served should compel the recognition of those who had formerly looked down upon it. When Knighthood was bestowed upon him, he accepted the honour in the name of his profession, and promptly shed it when at or around the theatre. The old room at the Lyceum where the Sublime Society of Beef-Steaks had been wont to meet in the earlier days was restored, and there on Saturday nights for years Irving entertained the noblest and most famous men and women who represented the wit and genius of his age.

He utilized his very limitations to serve his genius in the end. The curious gait, the sharp-cut, crabbed accent, the authoritative gesture, the commanding

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mien, the soul of dominance his personality breathed—all these things found fitting expression in one or another of his great roles. He was the last of the old school, in which personality was not sunk, but which utilized personality to enhance the stage portrait. He brought to the London stage a magnificence of mounting that it had never known. He employed the most famous artists and architects of the day to design and paint his scenery. He left nothing undone that could possibly lend distinction and bestow beauty upon all he undertook.

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I think perhaps his greatest asset was his astounding power to visualize, in personality, in gesture and facial expression, as well as in bodily expression and in vocal range, the wide emotional field that covers terror, remorse, violence, cruelty, hate, fear, courage, cunning, craft, subtlety of mind, lust for power, appetite for ambition, grimly sardonic humour; and above all and beyond all, surpassing anything the stage has known since the oldest of living men could recall, his ability to express the most profound depths of the most tragic mood.

It is strange that he could never sound the note of love with the same authority he did that of every other passion. But that one thing was denied him. All other gifts were his. And to them may be added his command of gesture, which was illimitable, over-

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whelming, superb. As he mastered all the externals of his art, he began to make them subservient to his genius; he bent them all to his will, and he fashioned from them his own individual method, his own personal appeal. He did not appeal to the intellect, save through the emotions. He was too great an artist, and too great an actor for that. He appealed to such a wide public because his emotional range never missed their hearts.

How they loved him! How they used to cheer when, with that wide, gracious, sweeping gesture of his, hand on heart, he would bow as he withdrew, protesting himself, in his deep, rich, vibrant voice, with its remarkable and individual timbre, their "obliged, respectful, loving servant!" And that he was, and that he remained unto the end. The last play was Tennyson's "Becket". The last lines he spoke were "Into Thy Hands, O Lord . . . Into Thy Hands!" He died a few minutes after he reached his hotel. And when the news went around the world, many thousands who had never seen him mourned, and millions who had felt the spell of his genius realized that the world of drama had suffered an irreparable loss.

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I have said that for a time it seemed as if the genius of Sir Henry Irving would be perpetuated in the work of his two sons. Both adopted their father's

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profession as their own, and both achieved emphatic and distinctive success therein. They seemed to have divided their father's most prominent characteristics between them. Laurence stood for his authoritative manner, his grim sardonic humour, his mastery of make-up, his ability to plumb emotional depths of tragedy. H. B. Irving was more suave, more the courtier, more marked by nature with his father's characteristic features and outward stamp of genius. His versatility was astounding. He even played several of his father's most famous roles, such as Matthias, Louis XI, Charles I, Macaire, and Claude Melnotte. Both men were authors—Henry of books dealing with crime, and Laurence with translations from the French and of drama.

Two characters less alike in fundamentals it would have been hard to find. The very nature of the father seemed to have been divided between them. To one, his saturnine humour, to the other his picturesque personality; to the one, his gift of biting wit; to the other, his open-hearted generosity; to the one his genius for subtle portrayal of subtle mood; to the other, his gift for hypnotizing his audience through the medium of a dominating personality.

Had these two brothers lived longer, or had even one of them lived longer, it is not impossible that there might have been new triumphs to record for the English theatre. But death claimed them both while

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they were in their prime, and when each had a notable record behind him and every prospect of brilliant achievements ahead. Thus the name of Irving passed from the roll of the English stage.

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It is nearly twenty-four years since Irving was laid to his last rest within the hallowed walls of Westminster, that noble tomb of so many who have added lustre to the name of England. His acting, as I have said, is but a memory—for the majority of this generation, a tradition only. But let us make no mistake. The soul of Henry Irving is still marching abroad. It lives in the art he illuminated with his genius. It shines in the work of the last of all that brilliant galaxy he loved to call his children—Forbes-Robertson, Tree, Alexander and Martin-Harvey. When Sir Joshua Reynolds painted Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, he said gracefully that he had achieved immortality by putting his name on the hem of her garment,—by which he meant that her name could never die. The dust that was Irving lies in his narrow prison-house of Death. His name and fame will live as long as the theatre endures. Slightly adapting Kipling's noble valedictory to another great Englishman, Cecil Rhodes, we may say of Henry Irving:

Living, he was the stage, and dead,
His soul shall be its soul.

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A Brilliant Partnership

THE actor's profession is the only sphere of art in which lengthy brilliant partnerships are productive of progressively great achievements. Pavlowa can dance just as well with Novikoff as she did with Mordkin. Collaboration in authorship may produce occasional works destined to live, but it is unsatisfactory as a rule. It seems to hamper genius. Similarly, music affords very few opportunities for more than accidental combination of two artists' individual gifts. But when an actor and an actress become associated in their work over a long period, they are able to lift it to a higher plane, provided their ideals are identical and their personalities and methods sympathetic. The history of the stage presents some striking instances of artistic partnerships that have played an important part in developing the art of the theatre and in providing the public with the classic drama which, despite all the ravings of all the ultra-moderns, remains, and will continue to remain, so long as humanity remains what it is, the basis of the art of the theatre.

It is only necessary to recall the partnership of the Bancrofts, Irving and Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal,

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the Wyndhams, the Boucicaults, Sir John and Lady Martin-Harvey, Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson, and Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terris, to see what collaboration has meant to the English stage. On this side of the Atlantic there is one partnership that has stood out pre-eminent, alike for its record of achievement and its influence upon the American stage. That is the partnership between E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe,—a partnership which lovers of the theatre regret no longer dignifies our stage. These two artists held ever before them the highest ideals. They worked steadily, consistently, indefatigably, towards a common goal. They gave the best years of their long and notable careers to the interpretation of Shakespeare. They and the late Robert Mantell did more than any other Shakespearean interpreters on this continent to keep the banner of Shakespeare flying.

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There is no method of assessing the value of the debt the theatre-going public owes to Sothern and Marlowe. The mere hanging of their velvet curtain with its gold monogram seemed to create an atmosphere which remained even after they had left the theatre. We knew that we should see acting that was noble, hear great lines greatly spoken, observe the chief protagonists of Shakespearean drama work their will, for good or evil, upon lesser minds and personali-

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ties, watch with Hamlet upon the gloomy ramparts of Elsinore or drink with Viola the starlit beauty of Illyrian nights. And who that is capable of appreciating poetry and work of imaginative beauty has ever failed to come away from a night with Sothern and Marlowe feeling that he is the gainer by some new vision of art, some new revelation of the majesty, the humanity, the splendour, or the sublime pity that fell from Shakespeare's pen?

The word "great" is scattered about indiscriminately nowadays,—so much so that one hesitates to use it for fear of being misunderstood. When, therefore, I say that Sothern and Marlowe were great interpreters of Shakespearean drama, I do not intend it to be construed as meaning that they interpreted all the Shakespearean roles they played greatly, but that they did, from time to time, reach to the heights, scale the slippery ways that lead to those pinnacles the true actor must ever strive to attain, and give us glimpses now and then of the supreme glory that is and ever shall be Shakespeare.

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We have known them for many years in Canada, both singly and together. We have been privileged to watch them as they grew in artistic stature, to note the gradual broadening of their art, the steady progress they have made towards the stars, and the unfailing high regard for their calling and their duty

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to their public which they have manifested throughout their work. We have seen them in their most notable achievements. We have studied their efforts to reach the ideal in Shakespearean setting and mounting. They have given us many stage pictures of unforgettable beauty. Their partnership has been a genuine triumph of histrionic art.

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It may surprise many people to learn that Miss Marlowe is an Englishwoman by birth. But she was taken to America by her parents when she was five years old, and her whole career has been directly concerned with the American stage. Mr. Sothern is a Southerner, a native of New Orleans. He comes of a famous acting family, for his father, "the elder Sothern", was a noted actor in his day. Miss Marlowe came from England to America. Sothern went from America to England. His first stage appearance, however, was in New York in a play in which his father had a leading role. He was then twenty years old, had his mind made up that there was only one profession in the world for him, and was full of enthusiasm and ambition. He had the good fortune of association with a noted actor in the late John McCullough, and when he went to London two years later and succeeded his brother, Lytton Sothern, under Charles Wyndham's management, he was also fortunate. A season in London, a tour through the

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English Provinces, and then back to the United States, again with McCullough. A role that won for him wide popularity was provided when "Called Back" was produced and went on tour.

But the experience that was to give him his thoroughness, his range, his opportunity to test every possibility of his art for himself, was his engagement as leading man at the old Lyceum theatre in New York, under the Late Charles Frohman. That stock company saw a great many notable productions and a long list of accomplished artists upon the Lyceum stage. For thirteen years Mr. Sothern played there as leading man, from 1885 to 1898, but he never had a single Shakespearean role all that time. Indeed, he told me, it was not until his performance of Heinrich in Hauptmann's beautiful drama, "The Sunken Bell", had revealed hitherto unsuspected qualities in addition to his brilliance and polish and subtlety as a romantic actor, that the idea of Shakespearean repertoire began to loom largely in his dreams.

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In 1900 he was first seen in New York as Hamlet, and made a big impression upon the critics of the day. Charles Frohman, one of the keenest judges of acting America has ever known, had been keeping his eye upon Sothern, and those close in touch with theatrical development were not surprised when he engaged Sothern and Julia Marlowe as joint "stars"

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in a Shakespearean repertoire company, in the summer of 1904.

Julia Marlowe had been on the stage for twenty-two years at that time, for she began when she was twelve in a juvenile company playing "H.M.S. Pinafore". She was one of the sailors. She did not have much time for school, but she took to the stage like ducklings take to a pond, and in two years she had played as Suzanne in "The Chimes of Normandy", as the Page in "Le Petit Duc", as Heinrich in "Rip Van Winkle", as Balthazar in "Romeo and Juliet", as Maria in "Twelfth Night", and as Myrine in "Pygmalion and Galatea". Three years of study under Ada Dew, then a well-known, popular, and very clever American actress, followed, and Miss Marlowe was ready to appear as a "star" in her own right.

It is a curious and significant coincidence that both Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe made their first appearance in Shakespearean roles in New York, and that from the outset both were praised. Miss Marlowe's first role was Juliet, and a lovely Juliet she must have been in 1887, for when I saw her in the role a good many years later she was still a vision of beauty on the balcony. From that year of 1887, until her retirement a few years ago, Miss Marlowe appeared almost continuously in legitimate and Shakespearean roles, with a few notable exceptions.

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For several years she had her own company. Viola, Rosalind, and Imogen she added to her repertoire in 1890. A wide variety of romantic and character-parts followed, from that of the Prince of Wales in "King Henry IV" to that of Lydia Languish in "The Rivals" in 1897. She did not appear again in Shakespearean roles until the artistic partnership with E. H. Sothern began in 1904.

From 1904 to 1907 these two artists remained associated in a repertoire that covered a wide Shakespearean range and also included such plays as "The Sunken Bell", "John the Baptist", and "When Knighthood was in Flower". Then for three years Miss Marlowe headed her own company again, only to resume her artistic partnership with Mr. Sothern—her husband—in 1909. They remained together on the stage thereafter, although Miss Marlowe was compelled to retire from active work for a long time in 1915, owing to ill-health. A sojourn in Switzerland, however, effected a complete cure, and she resumed Shakespearean repertoire later on. She matured gracefully and charmingly. Time dealt with her in a manner exceeding kind. And she steadily made her way up the ladder of achievement to her unchallenged position as the leading Shakespearean actress of her continent.

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There are four roles in particular which Miss Marlowe made her own and in which she revealed to the fullest degree her remarkable gifts as a comedienne. These are Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing", Portia in "The Merchant of Venice", Viola in "Twelfth Night", and Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew". Each character she portrayed with the distinction she lent to all her stage portraits. There was never anything imitative about her work. She may have absorbed—in some instances undoubtedly she did absorb—the best features about the characterizations of other artists; but there was invariably so much of her own genius in the pictures she presented that they could never, under any circumstances, be termed imitative.

She was always at her very best when portraying womanhood at its noblest and in its most fascinating guise. Thus, her Beatrice and her Viola and her Katharine stand out in my memory as brilliant portraits of noble gentlewomen. Always she coloured the role to meet the requirements of the situation, but always the portrait is remembered as an artistic whole. Julia Marlowe's Beatrice, I think, is as noble a figure of pure womanhood as the stage on this continent has ever seen. It is, in its essence and truth, Shakespeare's own Beatrice, a creature made for mirth and merriment, light-hearted, radiating sunshine wherever she goes, yet always noble, pure and true.

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Miss Marlowe did not make the mistake of suggesting any subtlety. Instead, her Beatrice was the essence of simplicity, as it was also the essence of womanhood. One would not have had her alter the delivery of a single line, change a single gesture, or assume a single different attitude. Moreover, her sense of comedy values was peculiarly keen, and her appreciation of the true spirit of Shakespearean comedy was so vital, that she could read into her interpretation of this role, as into that of Viola in "Twelfth Night", a hundred delicate nuances that accentuated its attractiveness, emphasized its graciousness, and enhanced its piquant feminine charm.

But just as, when portraying Beatrice, Miss Marlowe emphasized the simplicity of the character, even so, quite as effectively, when playing Viola, did she impress upon us the fact that it is a character most subtly compounded of all the feminine arts and graces. She was arch, high-spirited and gay, but she combined with these qualities—and here Miss Marlowe's genius shone—an indefinable something akin to underlying melancholy which served adequately to explain that little speech about "smiling at grief" which is so often unintelligently delivered. Moreover, Miss Marlowe touched the portrait with self-consciousness; and rightly so, for Viola wooed by Olivia must of necessity betray self-consciousness. There have been noted at times about her portrait

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of Viola hints of a pertness that often haunts modern embodiments of the role, but it has never been more than a glimpse.

Her ability to project the spirit of radiant youth across the footlights has always been a marked feature of her acting, yet she has done it with an ease that I have always found astonishing. Her swift play of changing moods as Katharine was brilliant histrionics, but she never forgot to remind her audience, by deft, unobtrusive details, that beneath the shrew there lies the spirit of a gentlewoman. I do not think her Katharine was so subtle as that of Miss Ada Rehan's; but it possessed much charm and wit, and when she worked herself up into violent, stormy temper, she was astonishingly convincing—a feature all the more remarkable when it is born in mind that Miss Marlowe is an actress to whom, ordinarily, all methods of violence in histrionics are strange. I have always enjoyed the skill with which, while lending the figure of Portia all essential dignity, she never failed to impress upon us its sweet womanliness, its grace, and the nobility of Portia's profession of love.

In years gone by, perhaps Miss Marlowe's finest achievement in Shakespearean drama was her Juliet. That is one of the memories that will outlive the limits of her stage career. She was the spirit of youth incarnate, lovely, passionate, ardent, alluring. The

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union of delicacy, frank affection, and glowing passion, its exaltation, its tenderness and grace,—she realized all with an art that lifted her acting above all suspicion of sentimentality and made of Juliet a creature of true feminine charm. Her absolute naturalness, her freedom from any suggestion of pose, the unstudied simplicity of her attitude, combined with a delivery that very few living actresses on the English-speaking stage to-day can equal, made of her Juliet the ideal of the dramatist's design.

It would be difficult to conceive of anything more beautiful than her utterance of the lines of glowing rapture in the Balcony scene and of her farewell to Romeo in her chamber. Of the fearful reverie in the Potion scene she used to give an intensely dramatic rendering that held her audience thrall to the terror of the moment. Throughout she created a perfect illusion of youth and romance—romance that is deathless. To see such acting as hers was to realize at once the depth and height of Shakespeare's matchless art, the preciousness of youth, and the immortality of love.

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I should be inclined to say that the dominant feature in Mr. Sothern's portraits was the note of authority. From the first he always seemed to have moulded them with confidence and a certain knowledge of what he desired to achieve. There was

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never any suggestion of hesitancy, never any doubt as to intent. His reading of motive was particularly lucid, and even in roles which have been the subject of controversial discussion for many years, Sothern never left his audience in the slightest doubt as to his own conception of the character. This was particularly marked in such parts as Hamlet and Shylock.

His Shylock was not a great Shylock as Irving's was great; but it was a Shylock of sinister significance. Mr. Sothern always laid tremendous stress upon the intensity of Shylock's craving for revenge. He always painted that craving in a form both grim and menacing, and he missed some of the more subtle characteristics of the role. His Shylock always impressed me as displaying less scorn for the Christian than that of Mr. Mantell. It did not hold the magnificent contempt that Forbes-Robertson's revealed, nor was it so austere in its dignity or majestic in its wrath as was Irving's. But it is equally undeniable that it always gripped the imagination and held the attention.

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Moreover, he never lost sight of the legendary racial characteristics of the role. Indeed, it seemed at times as if he over-accentuated them. Shakespeare's Shylock did manage to remember his daughter, even while in a stage of partial collapse at the

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disappearance of his ducats; but Mr. Sothern's Shylock forgot her almost entirely, save to curse. It was in the famous vindication of revenge that Sothern was seen at his best. He used to crouch as he uttered the terribly human lines, and lend to each word an individual vindictiveness which was most impressive, although he took the whole passage, especially in later years, at an unusually swift pace.

Again, he departed from convention in the Trial scene. He made his most marked effect here by maintaining a frightful quietude, standing stock-still throughout the whole of the Duke's appeal and gazing at Antonio with a steadfast gaze, almost inhuman in its compressed ferocity. Much of the customary by-play with knife and hands Sothern eschewed, preferring rather the still more significant employment of voice and eyes to convey the utter obsession of hatred. His final words and exit were conceived and executed along the same lines of manifest mental stress, and completed with a touch of infinite pathos a stage portrait that must rank among the most significant of our generation.

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It was a similar overwhelming sense of the tragic element that used to overshadow Sothern's Hamlet, and tended somewhat to mar his Romeo. Indeed, it has often seemed to me that his Romeo had more of the melancholy Dane than the hot-blooded young

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Italian lover. Yet he could make perception poetical and imagination resolute in Romeo, combining grace and tenderness with all that is most manly. But it was not a role in which he shone. His Hamlet was conventional, though he made quite clear the idea that Hamlet's madness was feigned for a deliberate and studied purpose.

He was at his best, I have always thought, in the roles of Benedick and Malvolio,—particularly the latter. His Benedick was a role to which he adjusted his personality with remarkable precision and entertaining effect. The characterization was so clear-cut, so sharply defined in all details, so admirably sustained. He contrived to master and manifest a wide variety of expression, and he ran the whole gamut of the comedian's art with a facility and a naturalness that added immensely to the picturesqueness and convincing strength of his impersonation. He never made the fatal error of crossing the thin border-line that lies between pure comedy and farce in "Much Ado About Nothing", but instead, gave us a Benedick absolutely human, and thus lent the illusion of reality to scenes which, in the hands of a less skilful actor, would have failed to convince.

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In his Malvolio, Sothorn attained the summit of his art and the most notable success of his career. No other actor since Irving has given us such a

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Malvolio. Irving used to make of Malvolio a pathetic figure, not devoid of a certain wistfulness. Sothern portrayed him as a thoroughly solemn and pompous ass, who, nevertheless, never wholly forfeited our respect. He was overwhelming in his austerity, in his colossal assumption of importance, in his almost sinister aspect. The memory carried away an impression of a figure so wrought about with an obsession of self-importance that the fall from power came almost with tragic force. It was a triumph of Shakespearean portraiture.

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I have dealt in some detail with the respective qualities of Mr. Sothern's and Miss Marlowe's acting. But their artistic partnership, in addition to giving us a series of delightful portraits, also brought to the stage some of the most notable productions of the time. Every year they added something new and striking to their presentations. They experimented with scenery, and they strove to evolve such a production as should enable the audience to realize the significance of the lines to the full, while at the same time providing all the essential atmosphere and colour required. In this they very largely succeeded, and their last productions were marked by a beauty as admirable in its unobtrusive tone as it is rare to see in Shakespearean repertoire.

Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe always endeav-

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oured to keep about them an organization of actors who at least could read the Shakespearean lines with intelligence and adequate effect. And here again they were largely successful. Their chief achievement, however, was that they stimulated interest in Shakespeare and the classic drama over the continent; they brought Shakespeare to the masses; and they helped the people to realize the humanity that is Shakespeare. Had they done nothing but this, they would still deserve the gratitude of the public. No two artists of our time have commanded more general respect. Very few have been held in such affectionate regard. They live to-day in honoured retirement, but they have left fragrant memories of the days when they trod the stage together and swept us towards the heights.

SIR FRANK R. BENSON

Father of Many Actors

ATALL, slim man, with thin face, broad brow, sensitive mouth, hair brushed carelessly back off his forehead, and eyes as clear as a child's; with a light in them that seems to burn with a steady flame and hold you hypnotized; handsome, nervous hands, and a voice that sings with music, monotonous but mellow,—that is Frank R. Benson, familiarly known to English actors and actresses all over the Empire, wherever the British flag flies, as "Pa". And indeed he has been a father to hundreds of them, in more senses than one. No man of our day and generation has done so much for the English stage, in the direction of unselfish labour to teach young artists its finest traditions and its splendid story. I do not think it would be any exaggeration to say that twenty-five per cent. of the actors and actresses who have won recognition on the English-speaking stage as artists of individual merit, capable of doing serious work in serious drama, during the past forty years, have been at one time or another members of "Pa" Benson's companies, students under his leadership, workers with him to keep the flag of Shakespeare flying.

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It all began at Oxford, where he was an active and enthusiastic member of the famous O.U.D.S. (Oxford Undergraduates' Dramatic Society). Frank Benson was even then a dreamer and a poet, by instinct and inclination. But he combined with such a nature an extraordinary capacity for hard work, and he was easily the most strenuous and stimulating spirit the society possessed. He appeared in numerous roles at the various productions given by that organization during his Varsity days, and there he laid the foundation of that keen, wide, comprehensive understanding of Shakespeare, that intuitive grasp of the stage, that fine appreciation of the essential fundamentals of the histrionic art as well as of its subtle phases, that stood him in such good stead in later years. He was a close student, an indefatigable worker, and a man of infinite patience, and infinite capacity for taking pains. He even went to the length of producing for the society the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus in the original Greek, himself playing the female role of Clytemnaestra in accordance with the traditions of the society that called for all female roles to be portrayed by undergraduates.

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It was clear that his natural bent was for the stage. Indeed, nobody seemed to have anticipated that he would do anything but become an actor, and

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he deliberately made his choice of a career when he joined Irving's company at the Lyceum in 1862, making his first professional bow to a London audience in the role of the hapless Paris in "Romeo and Juliet". But his ambitions were great, and they did not contemplate any long apprenticeship in minor roles. Within a year he had joined the touring company of Walter Bentley, a resourceful and popular actor, and a few months later he had taken over the company from Mr. Bentley, re-organized it as his own, and begun his long and highly successful career as an actor-manager. He maintained his own company from then until the conclusion of his South African tour in 1921.

With the exception of appearances in Sir Herbert Tree's spectacular Shakespearean festivals at His Majesty's theatre, and an occasional production of some special kind, Sir Frank Benson has devoted his whole life to the presentation of Shakespearean drama on the English stage. He has taught more actors and actresses how to read the Shakespearean line than any other actor, living or dead. He has done more to popularize Shakespeare than any other actor. He has taken Shakespeare into other lands. He has brought Shakespeare to Canada—his festival at His Majesty's theatre in Montreal in 1913 was one of the most successful dramatic events the Canadian stage has ever known. He has taken Shakespeare to the South African veldt. He has sent Shakespearean

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companies to the West Indies and to other colonies. He has preached Shakespeare, sung Shakespeare, year in and year out, facing tremendous odds, fighting tremendous opposition and wide-spread lethargy, never slackening in his efforts, never for a moment giving up hope, never failing in his faith, never stopping for a moment in his burning enthusiasm. And he has given to the English-speaking stage almost all the actors and actresses who make up the long list of interpretative artists it has known since the late eighties until now.

Looking back over those forty years, I can think of no other man who has so steadfastly and so consistently held before him an ideal for the theatre and pushed towards it with such quiet and irresistible persistence. There have been many times when he might well have thrown up the sponge; times when a less devoted artist, a less determined student, a less courageous advocate, might well have flung up his arms and turned in disgust from labour that seemed to bring forth such meagre results. But Frank Benson was never the kind of man to lay down his burden, or to seek to shift it to another man's shoulders. He has gone on and on, smiling ever in the face of bitter disappointment and the chilling blight of poor support: and he has won his way and set his seal upon a record of which any man might well be proud.

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He has always succeeded in gathering around him young men and women who caught fire from his own white-hot spirit, and to whom he was able to communicate, in more or less degree, his own unquenchable enthusiasm. He has taught them; he has disciplined them; he has worked with them and encouraged them until he has been able to point to such real achievement as no other actor of his day could claim.

And all this despite the fact that he was, and always has been, but an indifferent actor himself. A rather monotonous delivery, a tendency to declaim on almost every occasion, a limited personal equipment in gesture and in the finer subtleties of the histrionic art, have handicapped him in his own interpretative work. But like many another indifferent artist, he was a wonderful teacher. He possessed four great qualifications,—inspiration, enthusiasm, infinite patience, and a remarkable technical knowledge. Moreover, he seemed also to have an uncanny gift for discovering and developing talent, even genius, in others. Like Sir Herbert Tree, he knew how every part ought to be played, even if he could play his own parts but indifferently well. He would labour with his company day after day, night after night, with a devotion that knew no sense of personal sacrifice. He would work until he was exhausted, bodily and mentally. He hardly ever knew

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whether he had taken a meal or not. His company saw to it that he did eat. He lived wholly and solely for his art and for the glorification of the great master whom he served—Shakespeare.

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It was far from easy sailing, for years after he set out with his own company on his first tour of the English provinces. Hardly anybody knew this slim, pale-faced, dark-haired young man, with the dreaming eyes and the far-away look and the gentle ways, and the charming courtesy that never failed him, even under the most trying circumstances. Often he could not secure a theatre. But he would not be denied. He went barnstorming, as it was called,—playing in any sort of a hall or building he could get, often without any proper stage, often having to construct a temporary platform and erect a makeshift curtain and scenic equipment. But he went on and on, playing throughout the country, delivering his message wherever he went, preaching Shakespeare to indifferent and unsympathetic audiences, playing Shakespeare, giving Shakespearean plays that had never been presented on the English stage for a century and more, studying, studying, —and teaching, teaching, teaching.

And by degrees he won the respect of the public that at first had looked upon him as a sort of harmless crank. By degrees he won more than respect—

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he won sympathy and encouragement and support. And there came to his banner young men and young women fired with a passion to help him in his labour of love,—this labour of re-introducing Shakespeare to an England that had largely forgotten him, save when some big revival in London by Irving or another brought them flocking to see—not the play, but the actor.

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And as his mission progressed, he took up the Shakespearean festivals at Stratford-upon-Avon. He fired that sleepy old town with new enthusiasms. He made of it something more than a temple for tourists, a place where Americans went to scrawl their names over the walls of Anne Hathaway's cottage and break loose a bit of plaster or of stone to carry away as a souvenir. From then until quite recently he was the leading spirit in the organization of each festival. He played in almost every festival there. He is a Governor—has been for many years—of the Memorial theatre: he has been for years a trustee of Shakespeare's birthplace.

He gathered around him each year the finest actors and actresses in England to play in the memorial performances. And men and women who enjoyed a far greater reputation on the stage than he were proud and eager and glad to play under his direction for the honour and the glory of England's master-

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dramatist and the world's greatest poet. The most famous actors from foreign lands have come to him to listen to what he had to say about Shakespeare and the interpretation of Shakespearean roles. Germany was one of the first to recognize his special genius as Germany has always been one of the greatest supporters of Shakespearean drama for half a century and more.

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He has organized company after company to spread abroad the gospel that he made it his life-mission to preach. It was he who sent to the West Indies in 1904 a Shakespearean company, headed by a tall, handsome Canadian and a starry-eyed young slip of a girl from London, and thus gave to the West Indian colonies their first real taste of Shakespeare, interpreted with rare sympathy and beauty of vision by Matheson Lang and the lovely Dorothy Green.

Honours have been accorded him by his King and from foreign lands. He was given the accolade by King George at the close of that memorable performance of "Julius Caesar" on the occasion of the Shakespearean-Tercentenary Celebration on May 2nd, 1916. During the war he gave his services without stint and without reserve to the gallant lads at the Front. France pinned the Croix de Guerre upon his breast. Universities have honoured him, and great

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institutions and famous societies have welcomed him in their midst. He has addressed the great thinkers of the world, and always his theme has been the same,—the lesson of patriotism and of human service and human love that Shakespeare taught.

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When I think of him as I knew him in his early years, struggling from pillar to post, often severely hampered by lack of funds,—though he always bore the brunt out of his private purse, and never failed to pay his company, whether the box office held enough cash or not; striving to present Shakespeare in such a way as to bring the man in the street to a realization of what Shakespeare meant to him and to England and the world; facing the future with a smile and the present with a courage that nothing could weaken and nothing daunt: developing, by his unwearying patience, his graciousness, his great-hearted sympathy and his understanding soul, the spark of talent he perceived in the least promising of those who gathered around him: playing a different role every night and rehearsing dozens of roles with a devotion that compelled the love of all who worked with him: I think that of all the actors of our time this man deserves most our homage and our thanks. He has kept the banner of Shakespeare flying. More than that, he has lifted it up for all the world to see.

THE THEATRE IN THE TROPICS

THERE is a popular idea that the greater amenities of civilization end with the boundaries of the big Dominions; that culture is limited by well-defined geographical lines; and that the world of art is contained within comparatively narrow areas of executive activity. It is, to be sure, nothing but a popular idea—the sort of idea that the popular monthly magazines inculcate. But it is astonishingly widespread, and its tenacity is as surprising as its extent. I have often been amused at hearing people express surprise when the existence of a theatre in tropical latitudes is mentioned. They seem to think it is a fantastic idea, having its origin in a new sort of Arabian Nights, and with no relation to cold facts.

Yet there is no conceivable reason why the theatre should not exist and flourish in tropical climates—no reason save one, the lack of theatrical attractions. The visits of travelling organisations are, of necessity, few and far between, though more frequent than they were a quarter of a century ago. The huge distances to be traversed, the necessity of financial guarantees to cover at least the risk, the tremendous amount of work involved in the preparation and management of a world-tour, and the limitations of

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travel,—these factors alone explain why it is impossible for the Tropics to enjoy a regular theatrical season such as we have in northern latitudes.

But they have their theatres in the Tropics, none the less. And they enjoy them. They get even more out of them than does the public in many cities that pose as centres of culture. In the Tropics they exploit all the amateur talent that can be assembled within travelling radius. And it is surprising what a great deal of exceptionally clever work can be got out of amateurs when they are united by conditions that forbid bitterness and curb jealousy. Moreover, I fancy many a flourishing author would feel shocked, did he but know the number of times his plays are produced without any suggestion that he should receive any royalties for the event, though the producers reap a substantial harvest therefrom.

Life is easy in the Tropics. Standards are more tolerant. It is much better to concede with a broad mind that faults can be overlooked, and to join in a general sacrifice to the god of toleration than to the god of conventional creeds.

I have seen a performance of "The Gay Lord Quex" in a dismantled boiler-house on a sugar estate that gained rather than lost in effect because the stage was on a level with the seats, and there was no curtain, no footlights, only lamps set to mark a line

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between the front of the "stage" and the front of the "orchestra", and only a distempered, dripping wall to serve as the rear of the "stage".

I have seen "Hedda Gabler" played in a West African customs house when the temperature was ninety-three at midnight, when the entire audience was bathed in gin and perspiration, and when the entire cast was genial with gin—all save Hedda, who, being a half-caste, strangely enough, had developed a perverted taste for whiskey, of which she could toss down a liberal half-pint with no more (obvious) effect than the production of a low grunt and a gleaming eye. But this same Hedda, crawling about the three-legged table set on a rickety platform to represent Hedda's children's nursery, was so completely lost in her part that she continued to crawl and to romp long after she had any excuse in the text for so doing, and when the fact was drawn to her attention by the simple expedient of seizing her shapely heel and hauling her from beneath the table, she manifested her displeasure in a vigorous and effective, if rather unconventional manner for a young lady, by directing a violent back-kick towards the hauler, which resulted in his temporary retirement to be rubbed and re-winded.

I remember three Doctors of Science, assembled a thousand miles inland in South America once, and in a jovial mood on Christmas Day, awaiting the

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arrival of some supplies wherewith to celebrate the Birth of Christ—supplies which, incidentally, were in a noisome condition on their arrival, and were promptly handed over to the local headman, who ate extensively thereof, with his numerous progeny, without any disastrous results save a greenish appearance around the mouth the following day. Those three Doctors elected to while away the time by recalling what they could of Sophocles' "Electra"

. . . and it is astounding testimony to the power of memory that one of them found himself correcting his fellows for mis-quotations before they had been going ten minutes! The performance, I remember, was eventually called off, owing to the untimely arrival of a large and somewhat malodorous black panther, who had no more respect for Sophocles than he had for the pants of the native sergeant of police.

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Impromptu theatres and performances, however, are merely incidents of everyday life. When regular touring companies pay visits to the Tropics, they are invariably welcomed with enthusiasm. But it is not the enthusiasm of ignorance. The white population of most tropical settlements contains its full share of cultured people who are quite competent to sit through a good theatrical performance and criticise it intelligently afterwards. The late Wilson

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Barrett found this out to his cost on the occasion of his first tour with "The Sign of the Cross". He rectified matters thereafter.

Sir Frank R. Benson used to send out Shakespearean companies composed of his most promising pupils, headed by a few experienced artists, to give Shakespearean repertoire. And nowhere in the whole world is Shakespeare more keenly appreciated or more intelligently followed than in the Tropics. The spirit of patriotism that is the backbone of Shakespeare seems to stir some responsive chord in far-scattered British settlements. Such performances are invariably attended by large and enthusiastic audiences. The artists have a great time, too, for they are invariably regarded as the guests of the colonists, and life is one long round of entertainment for them.

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Matheson Lang, the well-known Canadian actor, was one of the most popular artists who ever toured the British West Indies. His Shakespearean tour, with beautiful Dorothy Greene, whose Juliet was the most youthful and the loveliest, alike in personality and in vocal charm, I have ever seen, was a regular triumphal progress. And more than once, when the climate (or other unexpected contingencies) robbed Mr. Lang temporarily of the services of one of his most able lieutenants, he found more than competent amateurs ready and willing to fill the place.

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They did this so admirably that Mr. Lang played Othello on one occasion to an Iago who, in private life, was a watchman on a wharf, but whose Iago lacked little, if anything, of subtlety compared with that of Edmund Tearle.

The beautiful and accomplished Flora Shaw, later Lady Lugard, was in those days a very enthusiastic amateur, and her gracious presence lent inspiration to many a fine performance of classic and modern drama. Her brother, Captain Shaw, for some years in command of a lonely penal settlement in the middle of a great river, was married to a brilliant opera singer, and two or three times each year they would descend the river to the coast and inaugurate a regular festival of drama and of song.

Lady Lugard once tried to start a chorus among the criminals, but desisted after one of them, a tall individual from Barbadoes with a voice like a trumpet, and a smile like Judas, had tried twice to kill her with a poisoned blowpipe dart—how obtained, nobody knew, but undoubtedly deadly, as it was found to be tipped with the paralysing wirrali!

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Kingston, in Jamaica, has an excellent theatre. The former proprietor of the *Jamaica Gleaner* was an enthusiastic supporter of drama, and used to organize tours for companies from England and the States. They were more often than not extremely

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profitable from a financial standpoint. The coloured people are keen lovers of the theatre, and they particularly "eat up" Shakespeare. He appeals, strangely enough, to their sense of humour! I have seen an audience containing more than a thousand coloured gentry laughing their necks stiff at the scene in which Othello chokes Desdemona. Their general criticism was that his handkerchief was not large enough!

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But whether for regular touring companies, or amateur performances, or spontaneous extempore performance, the Tropics are always enthusiastic about the drama. They lean in no particular direction, save that plays with a well-developed romantic theme always enjoy abundant popularity. The swift development of human emotions under tropical skies perhaps accounts for that. But do not be surprised if some day, when you take a trip to far-off outposts of the Empire, you find close to the Equator communities quite ready and anxious to sit through three hours of drama with the thermometer registering eighty or so when the moon is riding high. Drama knows no limitations of geographical dimension. Why should it? Neither does Life.

THE LONDON MUSIC HALLS OF YEARS AGO

TO the old London theatregoer, memories of the "Halls", or, as they were infinitely better known, "the 'alls", are always dear. For it was part of a young blood's education in the olden days to possess an extensive acquaintance with the "'alls" and those who frequented them. They were the degenerate offspring of such places of amusement as Vauxhall Gardens. Perhaps "degenerate" is hardly the word, for Vauxhall was notorious for events that could never have disgraced any of the "'alls". But the old music halls of forty years ago were certainly not distinguished by any beauty of architectural design or any elaboration of equipment, or of accommodation for their audiences. They were, in the main, dingy, smoke-laden, tawdry buildings, with cheaply flamboyant fronts and with the ghosts of past centuries haunting dark stairways, winding passages and mysterious entries to the kingdom behind the scenes.

These were the "Halls" proper, where you held yourself superior to the person who sat in the dress circle or the gallery; where the finery of better days was revealed in all its pitiful decadence beneath gas-light or kerosene flares; where men and women long past the age when they should have had to work for

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a living tried in vain to divert their audiences with old jokes, old songs, old dances, that had passed away with a vanished generation; where you saw more of the tragedies of the theatrical profession than anywhere else; where, at rare intervals, something infinitely beautiful, infinitely young, infinitely charming, touched with grace, and not yet soiled by knowledge of the world's evil things, swept before the (more or less) sodden eyes of the audience and carried them with it into a paradise they had never dreamed of, in which they had never believed.

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There were other halls, far less pretentious than these soiled palaces of joy, where you made your way as best you could through clouds of smoke a man could almost cut with a knife, seized a chair when you came to one near a table, and sat there, with or without a friend, listening to the music and drinking glass after glass, or mug after mug, or pewter after pewter, of beer, ale or stout or porter, until the insistent clamorous calls of the elderly waiters awakened you from your slumbers and conveyed, with little courtesy and less polish, the definite fact that it was " 'igh time to go 'ome".

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It was dirty, and smoke-laden, and sordid, almost everywhere you went,—whether to one of the

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regular halls or one of the public-houses' ordinaries. Those were not the days of the Palace, the Alhambra, the Pavilion, the Empire, or the Oxford. It was before these comparatively gorgeous houses of expensive entertainment had been dreamed of, but at a time when the Englishman took his pleasures, like his pain, with thoroughness, with seriousness, and with a profound regard for tradition.

But still, despite the dirt, the sordid atmosphere, the tawdriness and the disillusion, the pathos and the pity of it all, there was often something about the old halls no other place of entertainment can provide. In the public-houses there was a habit, borne of traditions handed down from long before the time of The Merry Monarch, but revived with his ascent of the throne in a welter of alcohol and aristocratic oaths. I was born at a house which later, quite by accident, of course, became the title of a famous novel, "No. 5 John Street." We lived in North Islington when I was a little fellow, and my earliest recollections are of sneaking off on a Saturday night, in express violation of repeated injunctions, commands and pleas from both my parents, to watch the door—the front door—at Deacon's, next to the old Sadler's Wells theatre, where the majesty and inspiration of the great Phelps had helped to make immortal the tragedies of Shakespeare in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign.

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Deacon's was an old public-house with a common-room having a low and smoke-stained roof. The other hall always patronised by the young bloods was Sam Collins' place—but I forget if it was here that the famous drink first originated or not. In both places, however, the patrons used to sit at tables anywhere they liked, call for mugs or tankards of beer and listen to a program of music by singers and musicians, and watch dancing of sorts by soiled demoiselles or dainty dreams from a mythical fairyland.

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Here there was a chairman's table, where the chairman of the evening sat with his cronies. An occasional guest could not be more cogently honoured than by being invited to join the chairman at his table, where his honour was completed by the chairman's permission to pay for his (the chairman's) refreshment, as well as his own. At Collins' there was a practice of calling upon everybody present on some night or another during the week to contribute a song or a recitation or some other form of entertainment, or to tell a funny story—and very blue the atmosphere got all of a sudden on such nights!—and the visitor or habitué who failed to meet the requirement of the occasion when called upon was mulcted in drinks for the entire audience. I remember the passing of Deacon's place;

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but I am credibly informed that Sam Collins' is still going strong, though in a very different guise, as an up-to-date music hall or variety palace.

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South of the Thames these houses were more or less numerous, at one time, and anybody with a sense of humour and an elastic pocket could secure a vast amount of amusement by going the rounds from house to house, listening to a song here, a story there, seeing a dance at this place, or an alleged farce at that. The young bloods used to escort the less faded sisters of song and dance from house to house in hansoms or four-wheelers, and many a strange romance had its blossoming in just such a cab. There were times when young and clever people graduated from these halls to the better-class halls, and, in later years, to the variety houses.

Some of the halls became famous by reason of the comedians who grew to be institutions as fixed and as permanent as the proprietor and the nightly call to close. For instance, there was the Grecian Theatre, known to the initiated as "The Bird". Here George Laybourne, better known as "Champagne Charlie", sang and did his step; Fred Coyne, whose singing of "Down in a Coal Mine" nobody ever forgot, once they had heard it; Jolly John Nash, with his whiskers, his bluff and hearty laugh that shook, not only his entire body, but the building as

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well; Herbert Campbell, he of "Down the Lanes and by the Hedges, You Will Always Find the Tramp"; and James Fawn and Harry Nichols, two well-known comedians and singers, all had their day.

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But "The Bird" was famous above all other things because it had been the haunt in his early days of George Sims, the "Dagonet" of "Mustard and Cress" in *The Referee*. Sims, as a matter of fact, used to write little dramatic sketches for this house in later years. The lessee was George Conquest, and he used to draw patronage from all over London by his (then) sensational feat of "flying" from the roof through the stage trap-door.

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The patrons of these houses were not limited to them for entertainment, however. There was Weston's Music Hall, in Oxford Street, and later the old Oxford itself, the first of the more elaborate houses, which was to be followed in its turn by the palatial erection of to-day. There was the famous Gatti's, one of the most famous of all the old-style music halls, on Villiers street, a house with which was bound up much of the intimate history of London scandal at one time. And there was The Mogul, too, somewhere near Old Drury Lane, if my memory serves me rightly, where you could sit and drink at

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your ease and enjoy music and chaff the singers or the comedians or the dancers—all for the modest price of threepence, or six cents, a chair!

The quality of the entertainment was not high-class, but it served the purpose. One did not worry too much in those days about hyper-criticism. At the majority of the East End public-houses they used to elect a chairman every night in the common-room or concert room, and he presided with heavy formality and a big wooden mallet, but near closing time that mallet was all too often swung in vain, and a free-for-all fight between patrons, artists and waiters often brought the evening to a lively and somewhat too hectic close.

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All this is gone for ever. The old ways have passed and the modern music hall is a palace, where you attend in evening dress, order drinks from your seat, consume them there, or retire to the gay promenade and sup at your leisure, or mingle with a throng that is among the most cosmopolitan, and certainly among the most interesting, in the whole wide world. Here all nations are represented, and here romance and tragedy stalk hand in hand; for not all the regulations of all the London County Councils can turn human nature from its appointed course. And just as many sins are committed in the name of Art to-day as were sinned in the days that are past.

THE CABARETS OF PARIS

In Bygone Days

THE cabarets of Paris! What a world of memories is contained in those four words! And those memories crystallize again into one word only—Montmartre! Not, however, the Montmartre of to-day; for that is very different from what it was forty years ago. Many of the old landmarks seem either to have vanished or to have been so transmogrified as to be unrecognizable. They have lost their old significance. Many others have been obliterated by the changing hands of time and necessity, which knows no reverence for romance. Others remain, but have changed in their essential quality.

The old cabarets are no longer individualistic, it seems. You can no longer count upon certain specific and pungent characteristics, as you could in former years. It is not alone the changes in external appearance or in internal arrangements that I mean—though these have wrought unwelcome revolution, in many instances. It is rather a change in the spirit that prevails, in the atmosphere that reigns, in the soul of the place, if one may use that word.

The old cabarets were institutions recognized and patronized by most of the outstanding figures in the

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art-world of Paris. By "art-world" I do not mean merely the world of painters and sculptors, but the world of all who earned their living, or tried to earn it, through the exercise of art in some form or another,—whether painting, literature, sculpture, singing, acting, music or what not. Each cabaret had its own peculiar cronies, who were part and parcel of the daily life of the place. Each cabaret had its regular cohort of visitors from other cabarets, and each in turn sent its own cohort on tour to other cabarets. You knew more or less when to expect certain personalities, where they would sit, how they would dress; but—delightful uncertainty!—you never knew how long they would stay, what they would do, or how they would do it! You always went to one of the old cabarets with expectation keyed up to a high pitch, because you always felt that of one hundred and one astonishing and impossible things, any one might happen at any time in any one of them when you were there,—and you would not miss any one of them for worlds!

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There were many cabarets not officially considered as such, but listed as wine-shops. They were none the less famous in the art-world, and were just as well known and as widely patronized by special clientèles as the more expensive, more famous and larger establishments. There was, for instance, the

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Rendez-vous des Senateurs, to which you obtained access through a narrow and dark passageway. There was the Ambassade d'Auvergne, too, a rare place. And if you wanted greater space and more company, why, the Taverne de Paris provided both; and of that institution peculiar to Paris alone, of all the world's great capitals, le bal, you had your choice of many—Le Moulin Rouge, Le Bal Tabarin, Le Moulin de la Galette, Le Bal du Château, Le Chat Noir, and many others, some of the names of which have escaped my memory, but concerning which there still remain hazy recollections of weird nights and still more weird mornings, when one went home feeling very much the worse for wear and not at all ready for work, but taking very good care that nobody should know it, and masking weariness by singing snatches of the gayest but not always the most child-like of songs, at which the early workers would smile with tolerant and sympathetic spirit.

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Let nobody think that the frequenters of the most famous cabarets were mere wine-bibbers, however. Most of them, if not all, drank, and drank deeply, but comparatively few of them were drunkards. Many had an astounding capacity. The more wine they drank, the more eloquent they became, the more brilliantly they talked,—and the better work they turned out the next day! This is not in accord

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with the teaching of the prohibitionist, I am aware, but candour and a respect for many delightful old comrades of years gone by alike compel the statement of the truth.

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Not once in a while, but many times in a month, you could find in one or another of the old cabarets such an assembly of poets, painters, writers, and singers as no other public place in the world could match,—men whose names were in the mouth of the nation, men whose works were known far beyond the boundaries of France. And not men alone, but women also . . . for what would the cabarets of Paris have been without the women who graced them, who lent life and colour and gaiety and that imperishable quality they call *élan* and for which there is no adequate English equivalent?

There were women of every nationality, almost, and of every sphere of artistic and other feminine activity. The most popular actresses, the most famous operatic stars, the most sought-after cabaret singers, diseuses, instrumentalists, dancers, models and damsels who seemed born to live in the purple, and who, without any visible means of subsistence, were always charmingly attired, always gay, carefree, gracious and witty.

There is no such crowd assembled at the cabarets to-day. But you could find many such a crowd

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forty years ago, or less. And you heard some of the wittiest conversation in the world, some of the most entertaining talk. You heard gems of verse from poets' lips, gems of song from precious throats; and now and then you might learn, in some swift, rare confidence born of wine of Burgundy or fine champagne, some secret of a picture or a song, a book or a verse, a kiss that wrecked a barony, or an embrace that changed the destiny of a genius. It was all under a cloud of smoke of various colours and densities, of various combined flavours and degrees of warmth. It was all amid surroundings informal to a degree and characterized by the most charming of camaraderie. The friendships you formed in the old cabarets of Paris might never be renewed; but if they were, and as long as they lasted, they were friendships you would not have forsworn for anything the world had to offer you.

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I recall the Cabaret de Grelot, of La Place Blanche; Le Porc-qui-Pique, a place of strange meetings and stranger friendships, where you could see at one time the height of fashion and the depth of outworn style; Le Chat Noir, where the cabaret was underground and where you heard singers who later became famous in opera, on the concert platform and elsewhere; and opposite, Le Ciel and L'Enfer, side by side. The former was in blue, picked out

THE CABARETS OF PARIS

with silver stars, and promised, from its exterior and its entrance, paradisaical luxuries,—an impression that was strengthened when you got inside and found yourself served with a creamy bock or cherry brandy by angels whose wings fanned the somewhat stale and heavily laden air! Next door, at L'Enfer, you were received by a small army of horned demons with Satan himself at their head, in a lugubrious grotto, and you were served on tables that had been treated with phosphorus and that lent to every face the appearance of a corpse. Serpents uncoiled themselves from unexpected places, and darted their tongues about in menacing style. But the fright was not serious, and you speedily found that Satan was, after all, a *bon garçon*!

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And then there was the famous Cabaret des Quat'z'Arts,—the most famous of all, with its memories of dead and gone artists of all kinds and all ranks; its astonishing array of souvenirs in the forms of drawings, paintings, charcoal sketches, pastels, silver-points, etchings, written and signed poems, on the tables and on the walls; its atmosphere of the true Bohemianism, which has no essential relation to dirt, all witnesses to the contrary (and there are many outside Paris) notwithstanding; and above all, the unfailing buzz of conversation, rising and falling like the sea, sometimes breaking out into a roar as some

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debate got beyond the limits of friendly dispute, and at others developing into a rapid and intensely fascinating duel of words between two, or it might be, three, reputable antagonists, to which the entire assembly would listen with hushed respect, not untinged (among the younger set) with awe.

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Those were wonderful days and wonderful cabarets. I doubt if they did any real harm to any save the few who could never have kept out of harm, even in a community of saints. They were of their time; they provided a means of meeting and exchanging ideas between a large and distinguished coterie of men and women who belonged to the artistic world, as well as of entertainment for a very large number of those who merely stood on the fringe of that world. They had their faults, but those faults were none of them faults of vice.

I often smile when I see people turn up their noses if mention is made of a model. How little they really know, those superior folk who understand only how to sneer! But Montmartre and the cabarets of Montmartre were never troubled by them in the past, and will not be to-day. For Montmartre has its memories, and though the old landmarks and the old cabarets may disappear one by one, the memories they recall will be cherished long after the very walls that sheltered those memories have been levelled to the ground.

Dancers and Interpreters

ANNA PAVLOWA

Spirit of Terpsichore

THE art of the Russian dancer is a complex one, not easy to analyse, not simple to comprehend. Its beauty lies deeper than mere externals, and its significance is greater than that of pantomime. It has its apotheosis in the triumphant portrayal, through the medium of bodily motion, of the whole gamut of human passions and emotions. It is an art difficult to master, and although it has many students and many imitators, only those in whose veins Russian blood flows and in whose minds the Russian mentality asserts itself can give it adequate expression. Among those, Anna Pavlowa is incomparably the greatest, by right of her experience, achievement and genius.

This slender, almost fragile woman, whose body floats through the air light as thistledown, who can, at will, create the illusion of the most delicate and ethereal idyll of the imagination or the most passionate embodiment of human emotions, is at once a contradiction and a mystery. She combines in her own nature the intense fatalism of the Slav with the fervid imagination of the Oriental artist; the irresistible desire to express feeling through the medium

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of bodily movements with the Oriental mastery of impassivity. She can move so swiftly that she seems compact of the erratic motions of a humming-bird. She can assume and maintain a pose of classic beauty with the rigidity of a marble statue. She is not only a past mistress of all the vast technical resources of her art, but she inspires that art anew with the flame of her own incomparable and illimitable genius.

Anna Pavlowa is to-day a middle-aged woman. People often write and ask me how old she is. My reply is that such artists as she are not old at all; they have no age. Their art is eternal; it lives after them when they pass from the scenes; their bodies have gone, but the spirit of the art they illumined remains, and another takes up the mantle for a fleeting moment only cast aside.

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Her entire life has been devoted to her art. She became a student of the Imperial Ballet School at the Marianski Theatre in St. Petersburg when she was a child. (Imperial Russia at least gave us one thing of radiant beauty when it founded and fostered the Russian Ballet.) The stern, severe and arduous training of that school was imposed upon her relentlessly, as upon her fellow-pupils. It was the most exacting training of any dancing school in the world. It enforced long hours of wearisome practice, muscular exercise, and almost intolerable

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strain and counter-strain. But it could not possibly fail to reveal genius. It revealed that of Anna Pavlowa at an early age. She swiftly won her way to the front, became prima ballerina of the theatre, and made her great debut as such in the Imperial Opera House of Petrograd.

Since 1910, when she first set all London a-thrill with the fascination of her art, she has reigned supreme in her own world. She has travelled all over the globe. She has danced before all nations, and she has won the admiration of all peoples. She is the archpriestess of interpretative dancing and the greatest living exponent of the supreme beauty of rhythm of bodily motion and bodily line. Moreover, she is the quintessential personification of all human emotions as she elects to portray them through the visible medium of her body moulded to the expression of her art.

To her, dancing is living. She not only lives for her art; she lives in her art. She finds in it the only adequate expression of the essence of life—of things primeval, of emotions elemental, of the unrestrained joy of an existence only the great pagan poets really ever understood. You cannot set such a thing down in mere words. It baffles description and it seems to defy analysis. Yet it is possible to define to some extent the basic elements that go to the making of Pavlowa's superb and intricate art.

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There are, it seems to me, three such elements,—silent laughter; the ability to reveal, by exercise and control of physical motion, at once all-embracing and superb, all the wayward fancies of poetry and drama, both comic and tragic; and the ability to harmonize, combine, utilize as a complex medium the histrionics of silence to dramatic ends.

It must be obvious that in any such art the possession of a beautiful body is an invaluable asset. Beauty of features, superb eyes, a figure of natural grace which lends an added charm by reason of perfection in a fascinating art,—these things add, of course, to the general impression made by such a dancer. But they are not the dominant note she strikes; nor do the costumes she wears, atmospherically suggestive or imaginatively illusive though they may be, strike the dominant note, though they also add materially to the beauty of the picture. It is the supreme element of life expressed completely by the visualization of emotions that range the whole world of passionate poetry, the actual embodiment of that untranslatable French phrase, "*Joie de vivre*", the very soul of pleasure and of pain that dominates and enthralls.

. . . .

Is the dance illustrative of the unrestrained delight of pagan love, the waywardness of a woodland nymph, the capricious charm of an elf of the twi-

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light? Pavlowa creates for you, on the spot, while you watch her, a vision that incarnates the idea behind the dance. Is she an Eastern houri, a swan, a fire-fly, a flitting, fleeting spirit of the night, mad partner in a reckless bacchanale, resurrected spirit of an old French pavane, alluring genius of a minuet, or exotic triumphant apotheosis of some historic figure brought to life by the genius of a great composer united to her own? Pavlowa casts her spell upon her audience, and they see her as she intends them to see her,—and only so. She utilizes her features, her hands, her arms, her limbs, her feet, her whole rhythmic passionate body to express an art which is the oldest, as it is the most complex, of all the arts.

And she never dances the same dance twice. I have seen her dance "Le Cygne", for instance, perhaps fifty times, but there is always some subtle difference, some delicate nuance of change that makes it ever new. You never see Pavlowa but you can note some fresh charm, some new grace, some beauty unseen before. It may be a sudden pose; it may be a wave of the arm; it may be merely an undulating movement of the hands, but whatever it is, it impresses you as something you never noted before.

And that is the truth. For Pavlowa, wherever she goes and wherever she dances, is always evolving some subtle nuance that shall give her interpretations

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fresh interest, make their beauty more radiant, more alluring. There is no living dancer known to the modern stage whose body so eloquently expresses vehement ideas and vivid emotional truths. She can visualize delight with a single movement of her arms; despair with a single movement of the head; ecstasy with a single evanescent pose. She passes from the heights to the depths of passion with the swiftness of a swallow's flight. Her hands alone, with their marvellously expressive fingers, are almost as wonderful as those of Duse. She employs them in the full ballets and in the pantomimic dances in a manner no dancer of our time has ever equalled.

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She is as perfect an interpreter when dancing with a partner as when dancing alone. Recall her with Novikoff in the Glazounow Bacchanale. It is the embodiment, at once fascinating and enchanting, through the medium of two superb human creatures, of a pagan idyll transcendent in its passionate beauty. In it Pavlowa and Novikoff are two statues who have stepped down from their niches in some classic gallery, fired for a fleeting moment by the very flame of life, thrilling with pent-up passion after long centuries of sleep, flashing before us, in an ecstatic vision, the very soul of the pagan world and its pagan love—the elemental in the woman and man, all-powerful and supreme.

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But beautiful as is her achievement in such dances and perfect as is her pantomime in the ballets, it is in fugitive moments of some exultant emotional expression that she seems to me to achieve her greatest triumphs. There are moments, for instance, when she positively soars up in the air like a bird; moments when she is the bodily vision of all human passions; moments when she seems to be the swallow and the summer in one; moments when she sums up and expresses, in a single tense movement, the whole mingled pain and joy of life.

When, at the close of "Le Cygne", she flutters slowly to the ground, and after the final quiver, collapses, it is a stricken swan that has died before your eyes, not a dancer posing as a swan. When, in the exquisite Dionysus Ballet, she stretches out adoring arms to the impassive statue, it is a vestal who is stirred by the flame of passion before the altar, not a choreographic artist presenting a calculated study. She lives the elusive, fleeting, irrecoverable moment. It passes and is gone, leaving behind a tremendously vivid picture of beauty caught and drawn to earth while a solitary lark sings. But you have had the moment and the vision, and you would never willingly part with either.

I recall her marvellous interpretation in the Dionysus Ballet, with its wistful tragedy ever new, as a vehicle through which Pavlowa can fire the imagination until one sees her, not as a dancer, but as a

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statue of Praxiteles come to life, revealing to wondering eyes all the grace and loveliness that has lain prisoned in marble for centuries past. There is not a movement, not a pose, not a fleeting step or curve or gesture, devoid of its own special and complete significance. Yet, so subtly does this great dancer utilize rhythm in all its forms to give clear poetical expression to definite ideas, that you never imagine the ballet as something studied, planned, designed and executed only after long and arduous practice. You see it only as a vision that unfolds slowly before your privileged eyes; and when Pavlowa stretches out longing arms towards the impassive statue of the god, it is a vestal virgin you see stirred by the flame of a passion she cannot restrain.

For this woman is living before your eyes one intense, elusive, fleeting, irrecoverable moment. You know when it has passed. You also know that she will never recapture it again in precisely the same form and rhythm. And no one will ever do exactly what she does. In herself, fired by a genius at once complex and inexplicable, is a spirit rare and exquisite, which finds expression through the art which has been delighting so many of us for so many years. She will always leave behind her memories that will not fade for a long, long time. She has given us a great gift, —a glimpse of the sheer beauty of Life, a fleeting vision of the spirit that is the source of her radiant and incomparable charm.

THE BALLET

And Maud Allan

OF dancers and the Ballet much has been written. The history of the Ballet has been traced with extraordinary care. Its supposed influence upon nations has been analysed with equal devotion to detail. And its place in the world of art is being constantly revised, re-established, or challenged, according to the convictions or the changing viewpoint of the critic.

The citizens of the western world have had comparatively few opportunities of making a close acquaintance with the Ballet, for whereas it has been an institution of European civilisation for long centuries, it was known on this side of the Atlantic only in its most attenuated form until the Russian dancers came and opened the eyes of Americans and Canadians to unimagined beauties in the realm of the dance.

The Ballet in its original form was always regarded as the most abstract of all the arts developed in the medium of flesh and blood,—the most remote from actual life, as A. B. Walkley puts it, a thing that ought to transfer the beholder to the region of pure sensation, with no consideration of good or evil,

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right or wrong, but concerning itself wholly and solely with the beauty of line and mass and motion and rhythm.

But the Ballet of to-day, at its best, is something infinitely greater than a form of abstract art. It is one of the most potent and absorbing of plastic arts, in which the appeal is made to the senses through the medium of silent pantomime, the presentation in manifold forms of unceasing and ever-changing dreams of beauty, of good, of evil, of all emotions; and it exercises a tremendous influence upon the beholder if he is capable of receiving impressions of beauty at all.

Enriched with all the tremendous extraneous factors of wonderful scenery, marvellous lighting and astounding loveliness in costumes, the Ballet to-day, at its best, is a thing of ineffable beauty, of specific dramatic significance. In fact, it is drama danced instead of spoken,—drama interpreted through the medium of dance and pantomime, instead of through the spoken word.

The various characters are all clearly defined, and we can recognize them as easily as though they were speaking their parts in a play. The ballet dancers among the Russians do more than utilize gesture and the dance, however, in their art. They utilize also every limb, and they have learned to employ their features as masks through which thought may be

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expressed with as much clarity as if it were actually uttered. It is the same with their hands, their arms, their legs, their feet, their entire bodies. They think with their bodies, and through their bodies and their limbs they make their silent thought as easily understood by their audience as if they had been talking.

All the intricate by-play of emotions can be and is conveyed in the Ballet, and it does not require any acute intelligence to realize that this art is in reality a thing of extraordinary flexibility and range. It is also beyond any question an art of remarkable power to entice and to hold the imagination. It provides a perfect interpretative medium for music, and it is not, I venture to say, until you have watched the Russian Ballet that you have really begun to understand Rimsky-Korsakow, Bourgault-Ducoudray, or Glazounow.

The national dances of any nation are of necessity forms of exceptional vividness and aesthetic significance. Otherwise they would never have outlived other forms of artistic expression. When they are employed in the Ballet, they assume their true and authoritative significance, and they become absolutely sentient.

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People sometimes scoff at the idea of a ballet being inspired, but I think it is impossible to deny inspiration to the great ballet dancers of Russia and

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the Orient. And it is the same with the individual dancer, considered as an interpretative artist, apart from the Ballet. I doubt whether any scoffer has remained unconvinced who has had an opportunity of studying closely the art of such a dancer, say, as Maud Allan, the Canadian choreographic artist who, some years ago, won for herself a unique place among the interpretative dancers of the day. Take for instance, Miss Allan's reading of Chopin's "Marche Funèbre". The world's great tragediennes have been few. Tragedy demands the highest histrionic powers for its perfect interpretation. What Maud Allan does in this dance is to visualize for us the tragic moment with a poignancy and a realism that thrill the imagination and stir the heart profoundly.

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The figure is eloquent of grief. The long, trailing veil adds a striking colour-note. To the slow measure of the march the body moves slowly, as though overburdened with a weight of woe. The arms are stretched upward in passionate appeal. They drop again in the desolation of despair. The lips quiver and move; the face is tense with anguish. The head droops; the whole body crouches down in torture of sorrow. It is as if the very Spirit of Tragedy itself stood before you, silent, immobile, doomed. . . . The woman who can create such a figure, who can convey to you such a picture of awful loneliness of

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sorrow, must be acclaimed a great artist. For this is the highest art,—to create an illusion that remains a vivid impression in the brain after the figure itself has passed from the stage.

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The range of Maud Allan's emotional expression and the beauty of her aesthetic visualization of thought and emotion always impressed me as astounding.

It seemed almost as if she were the disembodied spirit of poetry, the essence of poetry expressed through the medium of perfect grace in motion, in poise, in repose. For this graceful woman could convey to you as much in a moment of absolute relaxation, absolute immobility, as she could in a moment of ecstatic abandon or supreme intoxication of passion.

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She was a dancer inspired by the old Hellenic ideals, the old Hellenic spirit. Something of the loveliness of that spirit was continually made manifest in every motion of her marvellously rhythmical body, of her swiftly-moving, eloquent feet. But there was more than interpretation in her dancing. It was a supreme visualization of the very spirit of poetry—of life itself, that she achieved.

Watching her in the Peer Gynt suite, you discovered in that exquisite music beauties you never

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dreamed of, emotions you never suspected before. It was a pulsating, vibrant, exultant picture of Dawn; it was the very soul of Sorrow and Pain; it was the shadow of Death's heavy wings; it was the Spirit of Elf-Land. She transcribed the Shubert "Moment Musical"—that perfect melody—into an expression of girlish glee, the essence of innocent fun and frolic. "By the Sea"—so marvellously true in its atmospheric suggestions as to make it almost incredible that Shubert, in his brief life, never saw the sea,—was interpreted with a feeling for poetic suggestion that made its meaning as lucid as crystal, and Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" was a riot of exuberant, unrestrained joy in living.

Things primeval, emotions elemental, all the joy and all the pain of living were portrayed in bodily motion, in facial expression, in a harmonious utilization of the histrionics of silence to dramatic ends.

Hers has always been a three-fold gift,—the gift of silent laughter; the gift of skill to reveal, up and down a gamut of emotions at once all-embracing and supreme, all the senses, all the passions, all the wayward fancies of poetry and drama and song; and the vision of the Hellenic ideal that enables her—unconsciously, it may be,—to utilize all her art and all her genius as an illuminative faculty for making clear the meaning of the music to which her body sways and glides and leaps and whirls.

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All the lines of her dancing are Greek, but there is nothing studied or obvious about it. She is, I think, the most spontaneous dancer, apart from the Russians, I have ever seen. You could not misinterpret the message her dancing conveys.

Watching her dance the famous Blue Danube waltz, you would say to yourself: Is not this the very incarnation of rhythmic ecstasy, of flowing melody, of dreamy loveliness in sound and motion? And yet you could never particularize a single pose, a single step, a single movement, and say that it had been taken by design.

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It is not infrequently disconcerting to those who have not made a careful study of interpretative dancing to find an artist change from one spirit to another without the slightest effort at will; yet this is but one of the many interesting phases in an art almost as old as the human race itself.

In precisely the same way the dancer can adjust her mood and her elastic art to the requirements of the music or the drama she is interpreting by rhythmic motion. But there are times when it seems to be a very different art. For instance, compare Lady Constance Richardson's dancing with that of the Russian or with that of Maud Allan. Lady Constance is concerned primarily with the visualization

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of nature moods—elemental love of nature, and of the spirits of the woodland, the sensuous passion of the faun for freedom, the sensuous delight of the faun in air and sky and wide, primeval spaces.

It is delightfully primitive. She reveals to us an absolutely unstudied art; she portrays, in pose and gesture and untrammelled bodily grace, elemental emotions, and she does it with a chaste abandon—there is no paradox here—and an exquisite sense of proportion and harmony. It is essentially pagan; it is devoid of subtlety, though not of mystery.

In her exceptional grace, symmetry of limb, fascination of line and the ability to give expression, through these mediums, to transparent emotions, she triumphs over artificial limitations. Her art differs in a marked degree from the exotic art of the Russian dancers. It is a very different art, with simplicity for its keynote and the spirit of the beginning of things pervading all. It is beautiful; it is chaste; it is natural; and, as with all achievements of beauty, it can never do anyone any harm.

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But whether it be passionate or placid, simple or complex, the art of the Ballet and of the interpretative dancer is one of unfailing fascination. It is an art likely to grow into greatness where it has hitherto been virtually unknown. For it knows no limitations

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of race or latitude, and its power lies in its appeal to the elemental emotions that lie deep in the heart of mankind. It is a form of beauty made manifest, and the vision can never wholly die.

LUDWIG WUELLNER

Interpreter of Song

THE art of dramatic song interpretation has far less to do with bel canto than with histrionics. It is not the operatic art, nor is it concerned particularly with melody. It is rather a combination of histrionics with vocal expression. It covers the Italian parlando as well as the facile welding of melody or discord to the written word and facial expression. It is far less dependent upon gesture than operatic singing, for it confines gesture to the rigid expression of emotional climax through poise rather than emphatic motion. It has, perhaps, fewer exponents than any other art, and it is one of the most interesting and absorbing of all.

No man can be a dramatic interpreter of song who does not possess histrionic ability. Not even the greatest voice can accomplish without histrionics what dramatic song interpretation really needs. But given a man with a sense of drama and a knowledge of vocal expression and facial expression, and he can accomplish, with a voice of very ordinary calibre, what the mere singer with a voice of organ tones can never do.

LUDWIG WUELLNER

When you listen to a man like Chaliapin or Vladimir Rosing or Ludwig Wuellner, you realize that there is something infinitely greater than the merely technical knowledge and resources of singing involved in song interpretation. These men not only feel every word they utter, but they colour every note to suit the word and its immediate significance, and they so seize the imagination of their audience that the latter feels with them according to its individual capacity for feeling, and even those least susceptible to external influences begin to realize vaguely that they are watching and listening to something that is as far above the mechanically correct utterance of words to music as the hewn marble statue is above the rude drawing of the cave man.

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I have always considered Ludwig Wuellner the greatest dramatic song interpreter of our time because he has always seemed to combine in the most comprehensive measure those qualifications that make for the most convincing presentation of the author's and composer's intent. I recall him as one of Germany's greatest interpreters of Shakespeare. That is more than forty years ago. I did not hear him sing until fifteen years later, when he had made his name famous over two continents as a dramatic song interpreter. But the genius that had distinguished him in Shakespearean portrayals was in full evidence when

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he stood up and interpreted some of the world's greatest songs.

Had he never been an actor, however, it is very doubtful in my mind if he would ever have become an interpreter of song. In him mastery of vocal and of histrionic expression were more evenly balanced than in any other artist I have heard. And his artistic stature was augmented by very reason of the fact that his actual voice was in no way remarkable, either for its range, its timbre, or its melodic qualities. Had he been an ordinary singer, he would have been passed over without notice. Being what he was, he intrigued the interest and admiration of half the world.

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Ludwig Wuellner is surely one of the most remarkable men in personal appearance ever seen on any stage. His head,—massive, leonine, almost Norse in its poise, mould and profile,—is surmounted by a mass of thick, tousled, iron-grey hair, carelessly brushed off his forehead. His face is one that Rodin would have loved to have chiselled in cold marble. It is a wonderful face—a face of austere and imposing gravity and beauty. The features are too pronounced to belong to any type. Great high forehead, massive brow, deep-set eyes that smoulder with an inward light, high-bridged nostrils, and a jaw that betrays firm purpose and deep resolve. The mouth

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is large and of extraordinary mobility; the features are deeply lined—graved, as it were, with the marks of all emotions.

As you talked with him his head was turned in an apparently listening attitude. He heard, but even though he answered you, his thoughts were elsewhere. There was that about his austere face and wistful eyes which convinced you that Ludwig Wuellner had known sorrow, lived in a world apart, heard and seen things that those around him might not know. He was a veritable dreamer, this giant with the tired eyes.

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One's first impression of Dr. Wuellner on the stage was his colossal height, his careless awkwardness, and the far-away expression of his eyes. He would stand before an audience, while the accompanist was playing the introductory bars, and he would clasp the gloves he carried in his hands nervously, while his chin remained sunk on his breast. Then, when the music had stopped, he would lift his head; and immediately you perceived that this man was not looking at anybody in the audience, or, at any rate, not sensitive to their existence. His eyes saw into remote distances, and his thought was with them. His features, set in a grim mask, told you nothing. But as soon as he began to sing you lost all interest in his eyes and you forgot your feeling of resentment at

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being ignored, because something infinitely more interesting and more remarkable than either of those things was imposing itself persistently upon your notice.

It was a something you found extremely difficult of definition, a new quality in song, intangible, elusive, yet something that dignified song, lent it a greatness and a beauty beyond the glory of Caruso or the splendour of Gogorza's organ tones. And as you listened you began to grasp its significance and its wonder. You felt as if the spirit of the singer himself stood revealed beyond the thin curtain of his singing; as though he had stripped his soul of its encumbrance of flesh, laid each emotion bare before you, taken you into the innermost recesses of his heart. No matter what he sang, that was the overwhelming impression its interpretation by Wuellner created. You forgot the man and you saw the illusion of the spirit of the song itself.

For instance,—and it is easy to recall many examples, because Wuellner's art was extremely versatile and comprehensive; each individual song was as sharply differentiated from the others on the program as if it were a separate picture, as indeed each song, when sung by him, became a picture of blended words and melody painted with an actor's brush,—for instance, "Der Wanderer", one of Schubert's greatest songs. When Wuellner sang that, he was no

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longer Wuellner the singer, standing before an audience, but was The Wanderer himself, desolate, despondent, seeking always a land but never finding it, staggering on in agony of spirit, doomed always to disillusion and disappointment. "Oh Land, wo Bist Du?" All the passionate longing of aeons of weary seeking was pent up in that one ineffably sad, incomparably sorrow-laden question. And when he had finished, he would resume the attitude you noted before the song began and stand with bent head, awaiting the end of the accompaniment. Not until the last note had died away would he lift his head,—and then it was as though some austere spirit had wakened from a trance.

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Wuellner often opened his program with "Der Wanderer", because it usually created in his hearers a sentiment of frank astonishment if they had never heard him before. Having thus compelled their interest, he led them by easy stages,—by the passionate wail of the deserted lover in "Du Liebst Mich Nicht" and the shuddering imaginative tragedy of "Der Doppelganger"—into a tentative comprehension of something of the significance of his art, something of its mystery, its greatness, and its power to stir the soul. With the single exception of Schumann-Heinck, when she sang such a song as "Die Allmacht", I have never seen any audience give way

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to such emotional outbursts of enthusiasm as the song interpretations of Wuellner used to evoke. Grey-haired men would stand on their chairs and yell themselves hoarse in cheering applause. And let it be understood at once that they were not Germans who did this, but Britishers, to whom emotional expression in public is distasteful.

But Wuellner compelled people against their wills. There was in him something of the unconscious hypnotist, I have often thought. Hardly any other theory will suffice to explain the extraordinary sway he exercised over a vast assembly. Perhaps this may be easier to understand if I describe how he sang "Erlkoenig", for in that song the significance and the power of his art stood fully revealed.

You forgot both audience and singer. All you saw—and it seemed as if the human eye, as well as the eye of the mind, beheld the same vision—was a picture of father and child riding hurriedly through the darkness of a stormy night. The child's frightened fancy and the father's reassuring words were followed by the unearthly sweetness of the Erl King's tempting invitation to the boy. It was a whole tragedy set forth in all its weirdness by the medium of one man's art. The subtle manner in which he would build up the climax, illustrating the child's swiftly growing fear, seemed to grip his audience like the grasp of some huge unseen hand. You sensed people near you

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physically shuddering. And when, in a hoarse whisper, he spoke the last word, telling of the child's death, such a weight of horror was in his voice it struck the audience like a chilly breath and sent an involuntary shudder through them all.

. . . .

It must not be thought that Wuellner confined his achievements to the tragic side of emotional expression, however. He could illustrate and illuminate the lighter emotions just as subtly, just as skillfully and convincingly. The trivial moments and sentiments of life found an equally vivid and accurate expression. He could give you the dainty sentiment of "Die Taubenpost", the full flavour of the fishing comedy in "Die Florelle", the tender sentiment of that charming love-song, "Alinde", or the lofty inspiration, the exaltation, the immortal fire of poesy that thrilled the soul of Goethe when he wrote that superb poem, "Der Musensohn".

Every song he sang suggested some new point of departure in his art. Every tone-picture he painted increased your wonder at his range of artistic and emotional expression. The sombre grief of graveyards, lightened by the hope of immortality in Brahms's "Auf dem Kirchhofe"; the joy of living in Hugo Wolf's "Fussreise", the delightful fancy of his

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"Der Gartner",—all these qualities he could depict with an ease that was in itself a mystery.

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Perhaps in Richard Strauss's "Das Lied Des Steinlopfers", the stone-breakers' song, surely one of the most wonderful songs ever written in any age, Wuellner's art found its most complete expression. In twenty-four lines of singing he gave his audience the whole tragedy of a stonebreaker's life complete. As he sang, a picture arose before you of a stone-breaker, oppressed by the weight of poverty, the utter hopelessness of life, plying his hammer. And the irony with which the stone-breaker declared that he died "for Fatherland" struck grimly against your eardrum, only to be dispelled by the still grimmer and more fateful realism of his repetition of the whole tale, in short, broken, detached, spasmodic gasps. That song alone would have made Wuellner's fame assured. Nobody who ever heard him sing it could ever forget it, for it was a magnificent achievement of interpretative art.

Wuellner has passed from our stage. There remains Rosing, a great dramatic song interpreter, now engaged in endowing grand opera with new life. Yet not even Rosing could recreate the illusion of the burning passion of unheeding youth as Wuellner did in Strauss's "Caecilie". Once in a few generations such an artist is given us. And it is not always we

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realize his greatness until he is gone. That Wuellner knew himself understood by the public of other lands than his own was perhaps the finest tribute to his genius that even his exacting soul could have desired.

Studies in Silence

THE SILENT MEN OF OKA

THE Summer sun lies hot upon Oka, bathing the smiling landscape and the distant spaces of the lake with a welter of silver light. It touches the serried ranks of apple trees in the orchards with its ripening glow; it bakes the white dust of the winding road; it spreads in quivering haze along the steep slopes of Mount Calvary, and it flings into sharp relief the three white chapels that crown the summit of that vast hill, standing yet as they stood when first built by the hands of the Sulpician monks nigh three hundred years ago, a white blazing trinity attestant to the far-flung energy of the Catholic Church.

It filters through the shade of myriads of trees and it falls in gentle shafts on the rugged walls of La Trappe, the home of silence and the refuge of the men of silence. But here are no moulded architraves, no weather-beaten gargoyles, redolent of history and worn by the smoothing hand of Time. Here is nothing but rough-hewn grey stone, severe outlines revealing the suppression of the aesthetic at every angle and in every sharp utilitarian turn.

In the rule of the reformed Cistercian Order of Trappist Monks is no room for aught that savours of the easier ways of life. Those who put on the black and white habit and take its vows are dead to the

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world they once knew. They pass over its portals into a world that has nothing in common with the strife and turmoil of modern humanity—a world of the spirit, a world of relentless, unceasing labour, a world of deep, unbroken silence.

There is something appalling, something that causes a nameless apprehension to thrill one, in this life of silence. It has a sinister air; a suggestion of suppressive awe surrounds it. Speech—the interchange of ideas, the pleasure of mutual converse, the soothing influence of consoling words, the enjoyment of amicable controversy,—all this is forbidden. The black-garbed monk of Oka lives in a world apart, a world peopled only with shadows, a world governed by the rule of unquestioning obedience, swayed only by the grim stillness of the grave.

“Silence, the great empire of silence, higher than the stars”, wrote Carlyle. It is here at Oka, that wonderful world brought down to earth, enclosed within forbidding walls of gaunt, grey stone, a place alien, self-contained, inviolate from the intrusion of the hurly-burly men call Life.

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You must sleep in this grey monastery to realize its spirit to the full. As you lie on your narrow bed, looking into the purple shadows of the night, that spirit descends upon you, enwraps you, claims you and holds you in its thrall. The silence is astounding.

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It is the silence that fell upon Egypt of old, the silence that can be felt; an absolute calm, a very vivid and vital stillness, a tense hush that holds in seeming endless suspense all the energies, all the potentialities, all the influences, all the mysteries of living.

It is intensely disquieting—at first. One's senses seem preternaturally acute. Every nerve is responsive to the slightest mental suggestion; but after a while it becomes most extraordinarily soothing; it holds a wondrous power, compelling restfulness.

You will say afterwards that you never remember any night in your life when you experienced such all-pervading, absolute rest. The spirits of the dead brood over the spirits of the living. Here, in the still spaces of the night, one is almost in touch with the mysteries of the Beyond. The curtain hangs between, but one feels that at any moment it may be lifted by an unseen hand. In the great world outside, only the stars and burning hearts are awake. But here, in this serene atmosphere of compelling peace, all passions melt, all small things fade away, and there is left only the brooding gloom of midnight and the unfathomable spirit of silence.

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Suddenly, upon this hush, as of graveyards, there breaks the clangour of a deep-toned bell. It snaps the spell and wounds the serenity of the midnight watch. If you rise and stand by your window, you

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may see a long line of phantom-like figures, looming through the shadows, wending their way in silence to the low door that leads into the monastery church. The Silent Men of Oka have risen from their cells and come forth to worship their God.

For them the night is over and the long, laborious, silent day has begun. Through the measured spaces of the darkness, each in his stall, they remain offering up their meed of adoration. Here they break their silence but to pray; here only do they find speech to testify to the Faith.

In stately simplicity Gregorian chants roll sonorous to the vaulted roof. The same chants that once echoed around the heights of the Cistercian Hill, sung in the same language that rolled in measured accents through the Cistercian chapel in olden Rome, now roll and rise and fall within the narrow confines of this holy place. Then silence once more . . . silence . . . silence.

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Through the long summer day they toil in the field. Summer and winter, it is all the same. Their tonsured heads know no covering from the pitiless rays of the summer sun or the biting blasts of the winter wind. Worship and work and worship, with each day seven hours of rest. That is their life, that their appointed round, that their world the long year through.

THE SILENT MEN OF OKA

No flesh of beast or bird passes their lips. They live on vegetables. They drink the juice of their own grape; they eat the produce of their own fields. Yet nowhere in the world shall you find more splendid specimens of vigorous, powerful, well-developed manhood as within the walls of this iron-ruled monastery. It is the Rule, the inflexible, unbending, inviolable Rule that governs, moulds, controls and sustains. Here is the mystery of discipline unravelled; here the truth of the strength that comes of denial fully exemplified.

What are these men? Of what type, what mould, what nature? Watch them as they work; watch them as they stand statuesque through the hours of the Office. They are striking figures. You will see faces of all kinds, revealing every phase of human nature. Here the sharp aquiline features of an aristocrat whose word was once unquestioningly obeyed; there the smooth placid countenance of the scholar; here the furrowed brow of some man to whom the problems of life have brought sorrow and pain. There again the rugged outlines of the passionate face, the drawn lines of one who has known life and love and all that both mean; the square, clean-cut jaw which marks an indomitable will; the querulous mouth that indicates a nature unfitted for the stern battle of life. They are all here, all clearly defined, all sharply differentiated.

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And yet there is upon all the same unmistakable stamp of some compelling power, some masterful influence, some overwhelming, all-controlling sway. It has not eradicated the marks of the old nature. It has limned those of the new.

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At first it puzzles you. Nothing exactly like it has ever come to your notice before. It is mysterious, elusive, not to be defined in so many words. But at length light dawns and you realize precisely what it is, what it signifies, what it typifies. It is the imprint of an absolute and unfathomable peace—the peace that passes all understanding.

There are all sorts and conditions of men here. There are men of all shades of thought, all departments of human activity, all types of human enterprise. Business men, professional men, aristocrats, plebeians, they are all here.

Men whom remorse has driven to the seclusion of the cloister; men who have tasted all the sweets the world has to offer, and found the fruit of life turn to bitterness in their mouths; men who have tempted fate and been worsted in the unequal strife; men for whom the world has still an incessant and vital call, who hear that call unceasingly but heed it not; men who have achieved things; men who have been notable figures in diplomacy, art, science, literature, all branches of human intelligence.

THE SILENT MEN OF OKA

They have all given up that to which ambition led. They have all joined the Order after two years of probation, with a full knowledge of what it meant, what it signified, what it would mean to them in the future. They knew that it would mean the complete abandonment for all time of all they formerly understood as life; all they formerly thought was worth while living for. They have done this with open eyes. They know no remorse, no regret, no aftermath of torment. They have passed through all that, and they stand now at peace, victors in the fight.

Are they happy? Can men be happy, living such a life? You ask yourself the question, convinced that it has but one answer, and that a negative. But you have no sooner asked it than the futility of such questioning is borne in upon you. For a happiness unknown in the world they have left rests upon each brow. It is the happiness all men and women seek, often unconsciously, but few are fortunate enough to find. It is the happiness of perfect content, perfect humility, perfect self-control, perfect victory over self. They have found it, these men of silence, and they live enwapt by its power all their lives.

They have made their choice. You may think it a strange one, but if you watch them, you will become convinced that for them at least it was the one thing inevitable—the one way out, the only way.

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But for you,—the world calls you, and you obey. You take your leave of the silent men and you bid farewell to their stately Abbot,—a man with a Bishop's powers, a man with deep knowledge and sympathies as wide as the world, the one man who knows their histories, their natures, and their sacrifices,—and you pass out of the shadow of their stern cloisters, away through the shade of their orchards, and you welcome the bright sunlight and the green of the grass and the gleam of the water and the singing of the birds.

You may think you have learned nothing, gained nothing, benefited not at all. Yet, though you may not admit it to yourself, it will be with a strange, new, deep sense of humility, as of one who has been permitted a glimpse of something which one would not dare to attain, that you will look your last upon the grim, grey walls of Oka, and the three white gleaming chapels high upon the cross-crowned Calvary Hill.

IN THE JAMAICA FOREST

Where Beauty Sleeps

CLAUDE LORRAIN called Jamaica "the little pearl of the Western seas". These seven words succinctly summarise all Jamaica. Hundreds of miles away from the other British islands of the Caribbean, it is the loveliest of them all. Within its sea-bound limits are to be found almost all the climates of the world, almost every variety of scenery, from sleep-laden valley to snow-capped height. Everywhere is a blaze of colour, a wealth of woodland, a riot of vegetation, the loveliness of Nature in her most passionate and unrestrained moods.

But, beyond all description impressive, memorable, is the silence of the Jamaican forest. You walk up the foothills at nightfall. The fireflies—singularly brilliant in this island—stab the dusk with a million phantom-points of bluish light; the Royal palms are swaying languidly; the tropic twilight bewitches you. And then you plunge into the depth of the forest. Through the maze of green tracery above, you can see deep purple sky; around you is the forest silence, intense, ineffable, unique.

The Jamaican forest is the most silent in the world. For in this island are no birds that sing, no

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game that haunts the shady depths. In the forests of other lands there is always a vivid sense of life around you; in Jamaica it is a vivid sense of the spirit of silence that holds you, and makes you silent, too. Beneath the filtered sunlight the birds flit from tree to tree, gorgeous jewels of living splendour, clad in a hundred blended hues of crimson, blue and green; but they are silent. At night or in daylight, it is the same. The forest life seems inanimate; the forest is always asleep. It holds within its slumbering depths a wonderland of botanical mysteries, a riot of loveliness; and it guards all in perfect silence, mutely jealous, significantly still.

The silence of her forest is only one of Jamaica's plenitude of charms, but it is the feature which fascinates when one is satiated with everything else. It is at once an inspiration and an anaesthetic. Swinburne had it in mind when he wrote:—

Where the silence is more than all tunes, where sleep
 overflows from the heart,
Where the poppies are sweet as the rose of our world,
 and the red rose is white,
And the wind falls faint as it blows with the fume
 of the flowers of the night,
And the murmur of spirits that sleep in the shadow
 of gods from afar
Grows dim in thine ears and deep as the dim soul of
 a star.

IN THE JAMAICA FOREST

Apart from this serenity of calm, there is another feature which makes the island unique,—its river-beds. In the foothill valleys of Asolo the river-bed of the Piave shows palest lilac and rose-white shingle, while beyond the portals of the mountains are blocked with a storm of dark and fathomless blue. It is so in Jamaica, with this difference,—the river-beds show purest silver-white or verdant, and the mountains stand against a wall of deep purple-green. The vivid effect is similar, the tone is different; the spirit that pervades the whole is the same. On the sugar-loaf hills of Asolo the towered villas show white against the green and blue; in Jamaica, the white villas show alabaster against the purple shade.

If you want to see a sight, the memory of which will remain with you to your dying day, climb the Blue Mountain Peak. Take a good stock of provisions, and, even if it is very hot in Kingston, take rugs and thick overcoats. You will want them before your return. You can get ponies at Gordontown, and they are as surefooted as mules. Thence your journey is through scenery of ever-changing beauty of which the eye never tires.

The lower slopes are a wild, untrammelled garden, in which roses, jessamine, and purple bougainvillias grow in unrestrained luxury. The trees are lofty and shady; the bridle path not particularly safe, but your pony knows the way, so you need not

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bother. Your road lies through deep beds of tree-fern, and the pony's hooves sink into it silently. Glimpses on every side of panoramic scenes change with kaleidoscopic rapidity. As the ascent grows, the air becomes fresher, and when you reach Abbey Green it is blowing with delicious coolness, and a touch of sharp invigorating breeze rustles the sleeping ferns. You go on until you have reached an altitude of 6,000 feet, and then you enter the primeval forest, dim and silent.

Shade, subdued light in straggling beams and thin shafts, all around you; huge *lignum vitae*, some day, perhaps, to form the interior casing of a British battleship, raise their giant heights on every hand. Creepers, with purple flowers, trail across your path; not a vestige of animal life at this height; nothing but the forest giants, the ferns, and the creepers, growing fewer and fewer as you proceed; and over all, pervading all, falling upon you with a solemn calm, the tremendous and irresistible sense of a mighty solitude—the forest silence.

Another hour and you emerge from the forest shade and reach the summit. Is not this a sight worth while climbing for? Westward, the island lies, a panorama of wondrous beauty, at your feet. To the east, and far beyond, are the purple hills, looming half shadow-like, half spectral, in the fading light. Below, the sylvan solitudes; beyond, the gorgeous

IN THE JAMAICA FOREST

wealth of tropical vegetation, gleaming water, long straight lines of palms marking the cocoanut groves, soft masses of waving green the sugar fields, and other colours of every hue and every shade.

A strange wild light falls over all; long waves of crimson and gold touch the wide expanse, and overwhelm it with glory. The setting sun is bidding the island "Good-night". The waves of light pass, and the sunken sun gives place to stars that grow and grow, until they shine out, silver lamps. The shadows deepen from rose to purple and the thin, impalpable mists fall over the valleys like a veil.

The goddess of Silence has taken the sleeping island to her breast.

AN INDIAN SUMMER NIGHT

Mount Royal

WHEN the moon rides high and the stars are dimmed, over the Royal mountain, the empire of silence holds undisputed sway all through an Indian summer night.

Would you put away all the worries of the day, all thought of the morrow, all care and sorrow? It is so easy. Just take your leisurely way up Mount Royal after midnight. You may climb the wooden steps, if you will, but that is rather wearisome. Better lounge slowly along that incomparable winding road which Olmstead wrapped about the mountain's side.

You have fallen leaves for a carpet, and your feet make no more noise than a slight rustle as you pass. Slight, but not so light that a night-hawk cannot hear it. Swift and sharp, like a flash of black lightning, he swoops right across your face, so close you can smell the curious scent of his wings. A white owl hoots, and a restless squirrel stirs amid the branches overhead. Through their interlacing spread the soft moonlight falls. Beyond is the glimmer, not glitter, of innumerable stars. So on, and up, until the summit is yours.

AN INDIAN SUMMER NIGHT

Lean now against the parapet and take your fill of such a moon-swept landscape as even Whistler never knew. Below is a fairy city lit by myriad fairy lamps, embowered in trees, and caressed by the finest of diaphanous mists that soften but do not hide its vast outline. Here and there a framework of lights stands reared against the sky; here and there a long, sinuous line of light twists and turns and flickers and fades;—a big hotel or apartment house; a long deserted street.

To the left runs a ribbon of silver. It stretches far to the right also, until it is lost in the haze and the darkness that mark where the turbulent rapids swirl beneath a heedless moon. Beyond all, a mist that pales into softest tones of purple-blue. Over all, the splendour of the moonlight and the caressing touch of glimmering stars through piles of filmy white cloud. That, and the majesty of Silence. . . .

. . . .

For it is very still upon the Mountain, this Indian summer night. There is no breeze. The air is cool, like the touch of a hand upon a fevered brow. The clouds seem so much lower during this brief but exquisite period of our Canadian clime. The sky, too, takes on a softer light. The sharp clearness of winter is not yet here. Gone is the indeterminate haze of summer.

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The clouds seem so near, this Night of Nights; so kindly seems the gloom. About this open space the trees stand, silent sentinels, their leaves motionless, their branches Indian lattice work against the sky. Not a leaf quivers. Not a breath stirs the silence. The Spirit of the Night broods calm and immobile over all.

It is a night of silvery beauty. Even as you stand watching, waiting, you know not what for, the swift glory of the Northern Light is flung across the star-drift and dims the Milky Way.

Afar, a low-toned siren booms. Hard by, the white owl calls in mocking answer. A late bird, awakened from its sleep, twitters drowsily, then hides its tiny head once more beneath the sheltering wing—you know, because the tiny voice is silent.

. . . .

The moonlight fills the open space. Tread softly towards the shadows. Here, beneath the overhanging mantle of this huge maple, is velvet turf, not yet carpeted with dead glory of colours gone. Here we may lie at ease. Look up through the lace of the interlocking branches. The stars now are very dim. The moonlight is a silver haze. The air holds a stillness that seems too deep for silence. But if you listen, you may still hear myriad voices of the night,—those

AN INDIAN SUMMER NIGHT

tiny, furtive, whispering voices that mingle with the shadows.

. . . .

The silence deepens and the gloom spreads. The stars are paler now, and the light is dimmer as the moon is hidden by those vast piled masses of curtaining cloud, milk-white against the purple dome. . . . The whole wide world is asleep. This is indeed a place of infinite quietude. Earth seems far away. The inner voices seem very near. . . . Time passes unheeded here. Still no breath of air stirs the cool serenity of the night watches. . . .

. . . .

Slowly . . . slowly . . . the weird light of the false dawn spreads across the eastern sky. How swiftly the hours have sped! Now a light breath stirs the leaves. In the gloom feathered things stir. Against the silver mist a bat spreads his sinister wings. A faint bell peals from a distant tower. . . .

But below you the fairy city still sleeps, wrapped in fairy slumber, lit by fairy lights, guarded by fairy forests of shadow-shrouded trees.

It is not well to lie too long upon this enchanted ground. Soon the dawn will be here . . . too soon for such a night as this! The spirit of beauty is

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upon this place, and the blighting hand of Time is arrested here.

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But faint twitterings come from the branches and the stars have almost lost their way. A bar of crimson glory touches the far horizon and turns the distant hills into grim sentinels of morn.

One by one the fairy lights fade and fail and disappear . . . The last star dies in the western sky. From the trees come the low flute-like calls of the thrush. A bright-eyed squirrel peeps out from a tree-bole. Bells sound again, and once more far sirens call.

It is morning. The glamour of the night watches has passed, and the glory of the dawning sweeps over the still slumbering city.

But you . . . have you not, this Indian Summer night, lived each silent, beauty-laden hour?

CLEO — OF WAKENAM

WE had landed from the coastal steamer which takes passengers up the Essequibo river from Georgetown. She was called the *Horatia*. She did ten knots an hour according to the company's timetable, and five knots in the water. The Essequibo is a great river whose delta, thirty miles wide, holds many small and several large islands, on some of which there were, and for all I know may still be, flourishing sugar estates, while on others the factory buildings were in ruins, and the cane brakes had been allowed to grow wild. It is a strikingly impressive trip after emerging from the Demerara's dirty yellow flood and having been tossed about in the cross-currents and troubled waters of the Essequibo coast before turning into that mighty river. The scene is one of infinite magnitude and no little splendour. One vast glittering expanse of yellow water, broken here and there by eddies revealing the rocks beneath, again flowing swiftly over sandbanks, and extending as far as eye can see away to the north-west, with island after island stretching parallel to the banks, covered with dense woodland, looking cool and peaceful and beautiful, with their miniature creeks and inlets and coves and bays, all fringed with trees and bushes, all half-hidden from

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view by overhanging foliage. The graceful waving of palm leaves, a slight stirring of the tree branches, and here and there the brilliant plumage of birds flitting among the trees, accentuate the effect of the picture. As you proceed up the river the colour of the water changes; it grows clearer, less tawny in tint. When you reach the end of Leguan island the magnitude of the river makes itself even more apparent; mile after mile of water flowing silently and swiftly seawards; mile after mile of island, with scarcely a square yard of clearing discernible; the long low line of bushes on either side and beyond; the distant islands showing dark against the blue of the sky and hazy through the impalpable heat-mist which seems to hang sweltering in the air; and all this miles from the river mouth.

It was late afternoon when we landed, and as we walked along a narrow path through the bush the sun dipped and there came that brief period when, in tropic climes, the whole world around you seems to take on some ethereal quality. It is in reality an optical illusion, created by the sudden change in the quality of the light and its effect upon the luxurious vegetation, the trees, the grass, the forest undergrowth, the gorgeous flowering bushes, and the yellow of the sugar canes.

My host, a medical officer of the government service, whose district comprised a number of islands,

CLEO—OF WAKENAM

and who lived in a large bungalow with his daughter, had invited me to spend the week-end with him. "I want you to realize what can be meant by the perfection of solitude," he had told me, again and again. There I was, walking with him through the swift tropic dusk, marvelling at every change of light, every new perfume, every aspect of the kaleidoscopic view, as we strolled along the river bank. His house was built upon a slight eminence, standing well back from the water, and set in a semi-circle of royal palms that lent it a singularly oriental aspect. The house itself had been built by an architect with a penchant for oriental lines, and one got the impression of a temple grove in a forest, as one approached.

We had almost reached the steps leading up to the verandah when a musical voice hailed us from one corner in which a hammock was hung. The doctor turned and a slim young figure came gliding from behind the creeper that draped the verandah's length. She was about five feet four in height, and of marvellous grace, fragile as a Tanagra figurine. But what struck me most was the amazing beauty of her head. Set proudly upon her shoulders, it might have been modelled by one of the old Greek masters of marble, so perfect was the contour, so remarkable the delicate poise and the lovely curve of the throat. She was almost golden in colour, as though her features had been bathed in an am-

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ber light. I looked involuntarily at my host. A man of huge physique, leonine head, massive shoulders, dark skin, almost black where the sun had burned it, he looked anything but the probable father of so dainty and delicate a girl. Yet the slim figure nestled closely to him and the hand, exquisitely set into the wrist, clung affectionately to his arm as she spoke. He introduced me, and she acknowledged my salutation with all the grace of a young queen. "This," said her father, "is Cleopatra. I call her Cleo for short, but she says that it should be Cleopatra, now she has grown up." His rough hand lingered caressingly upon the slim shoulder.

Cleo nodded gravely as she turned and led the way into the cool of the sitting-room, sparsely furnished as are all such rooms in the tropics, but of noble proportions and revealing everywhere the touch of a woman's hand in arrangement and in colour-scheme. Cleo and I were soon on friendly terms. She was far in advance of her years, both in manner and in speech. Living a lonely life, with no friends of her own class or race, she had been thrown upon her own resources since the death of her mother when she was seven. With the exception of an occasional visit to Georgetown, she had never been away from home. Her father had taught her, and for the rest, she was an omnivorous reader and had a fine library upon which to draw.

CLEO—OF WAKENAAM

I had heard stories of the doctor's strange marriage to an East Indian, of his virtual ostracism by his colleagues, and of his deliberate choice of this out-of-the-way station in the middle of the Essequibo. As the time came to dine, and swizzles were brought in, I began to realise that there might be another side of the story. For the doctor did not drink like an ordinary man. He literally gulped his swizzles down, one after another in rapid succession, and he pressed me to do likewise, talking heartily and expanding visibly under the swiftly potent effect of the insidious appetiser. I noticed that Cleo was watching him closely. She presided at table with the easy grace of an experienced hostess, and I marvelled where the child could have learned such confidence and such an easy charm of manner. There was a good deal of wine, but she took none. The doctor more than made up for her abstinence, however. He consumed the better part of three bottles, and then began on whiskey and soda before the meal was half over. He talked well, even brilliantly, but his eyes began to glitter significantly, and in a little while his words grew incoherent. I strove to distract the attention of the girl, but though she replied to my efforts at conversation with perfect self-possession, I saw her lips trembling. By the time coffee had been served the doctor had slumped in his chair, his mouth half-open, and his breathing stertorous. With a muttered

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word of apology, she struck a gong. A tall coolie appeared, and without a word walked to the doctor, gathered up that huge figure in his slim arms, and with what seemed to be an uncanny exhibition of strength, carried him from the room.

Cleo turned to me. "I don't know what to say to you," she began. "I was afraid of this. That was why I did not want you to come. But you did not know that, and it must sound ungracious. Only, you must see . . . oh, you must understand. He has been getting worse and worse. Last month he was up before the medical board and threatened with suspension, and it was only through the kindness of the Surgeon-General, who used to know mother well, and who is always very kind to me, that he was allowed to go with a warning. I am so afraid for him. Some day he will get a stroke, and then . . . what shall I do?" She looked at me wanly, a pitiful shadow of a smile on her lips.

What could a man say or do, under such circumstances? I strove to say the conventional thing, the right thing, but the words did not come easily, and she saw my embarrassment. Immediately her manner changed. She rose, gaily, and invited me to the verandah. "You must not let this . . . spoil your visit," she said. "Wakenaam is worth seeing, and . . . I am glad that you are here."

Swift confidences breed trust. Before the night

CLEO—OF WAKENAM

was half over Cleo had told me the story of her mother, and I understood better the cloud of tragedy that hung over this young spirit, standing in all the beauty of youth on the threshold of womanhood.

Her father had been in the Indian Medical Service. During a cholera epidemic, he had done splendid service and had won the praise of the Viceroy. He had been entrusted with a very delicate medical mission in the hill district, and he had executed this with such tact and success that his career seemed assured. Then had come a sudden eclipse; his name was never mentioned, or, if mentioned, only with a sneer. He had married an East Indian woman, and he had become taboo.

I can recall the girl's spirited manner and words as she told me the story, exactly, I imagine, as her father had often told it to her. "I remember my mother clearly," she said. "She was a lovely mother to me. So small, so slight, so dainty—and so adorable. My father loved her passionately. Oh, yes, I understand all about the colour bar. I know why they threw him aside. But I often wonder if those men who did that know what love means?"

She was leaning forward in her chair, her eyes sparkling, her proud little head raised, her whole slim self taut with pride and indignation. "I am not ashamed that I have East Indian blood in my veins. You must have noticed my colour. I am

MEMORIES THAT LIVE

proud of it. They christened me Cleopatra because, just before my birth, my father had been telling my mother the story of the Queen of Egypt and her golden barge, and the image took her fancy. 'Golden Dawn' she used to call me. And later, she grew to cherish this idea until it became—oh, you know what I mean. I was an obsession, father says. But I do not think so. I think that Mother felt, knew, something nobody else did."

She was silent for a little while. Then rising, "Come," she said, holding out her hand. "I will show you something nobody has ever seen—only my mother, my father and myself."

We passed out of the verandah, but instead of taking the path to the river, we went by another, which led down the palm grove behind the house, and soon we were in the bush. I call it bush, but the trees were very tall, and the undergrowth was very thick, and the lianas looped from tree to tree. All was silent. The moon was brilliant. The hush of a perfect tropic night hung upon the air. The path had been well kept, and our footsteps were noiseless upon the velvet turf.

"I have cared for this path myself since my mother died," she said. "The boys help with the weeds, but none of them has ever gone to the end. They are afraid, and I am glad they are, for they will never know what is there."

CLEO—OF WAKENAAM

We reached an opening in the bush. It was as though nature had formed a perfect oval. The moonlight fell unimpeded upon the grass. The superb branches of the royal palms waved lazily in the light breeze. An occasional rustle in the undergrowth indicated some beast stirring. But Cleo was unafraid. "I know you will respect my confidence," she said. "But this is sacred, as you will see." She led me to the end of the oval, and there, where no opening presented itself, she indicated a thick growth of bush. She seemed to feel her way through the trees, and we soon came to a tiny temple, standing in a dell completely surrounded by giant trees, palm, silver balli, and what not. A bell hung swaying ever so slightly. The doors were half open. She struck the bell lightly, and a note of silvery beauty fell upon the air. "Come," she said, and led me through the portals. Within was a complete replica of a Buddhist temple, with a statue of the god upon an altar, gazing with eyes that seemed to see through the dim-lit place into the dark. Before it was a light, and a small step.

"Here," she said, "my mother came to worship her gods. I do not know,—I have been taught the Christian faith,—but it seems to me that many who practise it are unfaithful to their creed since they held my mother in such contempt. This was her faith. She knew that in marrying my father she had cut herself off from her own people. She was

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proud. She came of a great family. But she held to her faith through all. My father built this for her, and she never came here but she returned looking as if she had been talking with the unseen. I think she really did speak with her gods. For I, too, come here when I am unhappy, and always I find here a spirit of calm and of quiet content and of power."

She slipped down, kneeling on the step. Her arms were raised above her, and then clasped the edge of the pedestal. I stood watching her, and then stole quietly away. It seemed a sacrilege to stand by and witness the agony of a girl's soul poured forth before the unknown.

I found my way back to the verandah. Soon she followed me. She did not speak a word, but held out her hand, and in my clasp she found that which told her that at least I understood and sympathized.

In the tropics one rises early. I did not sleep much that night. I lay revolving what I had seen, and wondering indeed if there were anything in this girl's belief that she gained strength and peace of mind before an idol in the heart of the forest on a lonely island set amid rushing waters.

I rose while it was yet dark, and, guided by some motive I only half understood, made my way to the temple once more. Soon the stars began to pale, and I found that this temple was set upon a little hillock in the forest, and overlooked the river, though,

CLEO—OF WAKENAA M

as I discovered afterwards, it could not be seen from the water. As I stood there, I beheld one of the finest sights the eye of man can ever hope to see,—sunrise over the Essequibo.

The first pink flush of the dawn tinged a bank of light scattered clouds behind the trees on the far side of the river with a tender roseate hue; huge golden red streamers shot out right and left and upwards, turning the indeterminate colour of the sky to blue and rose, and casting a rich glow over the placid surface of the river. The cloud-bank changed to gold and purple; the streamers became longer and more golden, the sky bluer and brighter, while the Essequibo's mighty flood rolled on silent and glowing with a hundred hues of dawn. Then the trees beyond the river stood out black, their foliage caught the first blinding rays, and the sun rose above the clouds, burning, golden, glorious; the scene was one of perfect grandeur, perfect colouring, inexpressible beauty; day had begun.

I turned towards the temple and stepped through the portals. And there I stopped, for I saw her, a slim figure in white, standing before the image, her arms raised in adoration, her head thrown back, her glorious hair flowing over her shoulders, and her whole body tense with yearning. She began to speak, quietly, then with passion in her voice. I felt as

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though I had intruded upon a sacrament, and withdrew.

Some years later, I received a letter from her. It told me of her father's death. They had found him, at dawn, stretched before the immobile image, and she wrote that his features wore an aspect of perfect peace and calm they had never worn in life. "I like to believe," she added, "that the gods my mother worshipped gave him peace—at the last."

Later, the war came, and with it the last news of Cleo, written in an unknown hand. "She asked me to write to you and tell you that Cleo of Wake-naam, serving her mother's gods, passed to her rest in peace."

I have often pictured her as she must have been in those later years, her beauty ripe, her proud head unbowed, her faith held firm. But best of all I like to recall her in that tiny temple in the forest, standing before the symbol of her mother's faith, and drawing inspiration and strength from the contemplation of the immobile Buddha on high.

So might some artless maid of Attica have stood in the old pagan days at dawn, arms raised in adoration before the altar to the unknown god, gleaming marble-white against the green of the Athenian hills.



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